

Canada's
eloquent poets

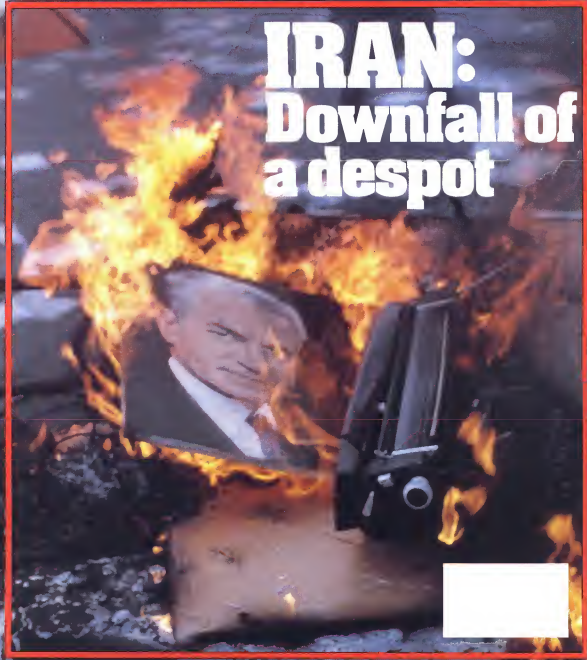
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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IRAN: Downfall of a despot



America ponders the inconceivable



It's not known the world's first test-tube baby may soon have an American cousin in Norfolk, Virginia: two doctors are preparing to open a clinic and may implant the first test-tube fertilized embryo in a woman's womb within a year. More than 300 women have already applied to become patients, although the U.S. government is still debating whether in vitro fertilization is medically and ethically sound.

Federal funding for the procedure was cut off in 1975, and since then most researchers have been waiting for Secretary of Health Education and Welfare Joseph Califano to order renewed federal funding. But doctors Howard Jones and his wife, Georgetown Surgeon Jones of the Eastern Virginia Medical Authority are planning to solicit private donations for their project and one of the English gynecologists who delivered Louise Brown last July. Dr. Patrick Steptoe has already visited the Norfolk center and agreed to advise the Joneses in their work.

Reporting the test-tube baby Louise Brown

Pitts, money cannot be spent on test-tube baby research until Califano makes his decision, which depends on a report expected from the department's ethics advisory board. The group of 13 attorneys, physicians, university professors, and laymen is not expected to submit its report until February of the earliest. Although the board has completed extensive hearings in 10 U.S. cities, members are still divided especially on the moral implications.

Dr. Eugene Zerkow, a member of the board and an Omaha, Nebraska, surgeon says he was in favor of studying the technique before the hearings began, and still is. But New Richard McCormick, a medical ethicist at Georgetown University has reservations. Although he now says he has less and less moral objection to the procedure itself, he does not favor government funding for either clinical implementation or basic research. While married couples are free to go to privately funded clinics, he says, he doesn't want the government spending money to "create life only to destroy it" in the laboratory.

Catherine Fox

Is it such a sin to put another nickel in?

In Manhattan, where private enterprises have bucked an uptick under Tony Frazee, Sterling Kent, the young businessman has taken things too far, with a venture that was definitely surprising, but so private the police decided it was downright sneaky.

Glen Helander, an 18-year-old having trouble finding a job in Winstrop, spotted a brand-new need in the marketplace, waiting to be filled: expired parking meters. Selling parts of his stereo for \$200 to raise capital, Helander set up Meter Check. He armed himself with a map of Winstrop's short-term downtown parking meters, and a lot of change, then went around town dropping 15 cents into expired meters, and staying a step ahead of the ticking conscientiousness. He also



Helander, parking in such short supply

drivers responded with \$5 each. Meter Check could break even, the rest would be, as they say in the realm of private enterprise, gravy.

Alan, the warden at city hall intervened. Although the police never delved into with Helander, they made it clear through the press that he was acting illegally in the pursuit of funds. "If we catch him, we'll definitely stop him," warned police chief Norm Stewart. Besides, he said, knowing the dust of a top-down blow, it's an offense to place a commercial handbill on a private car. Helander took the hint and shut down Meter Check, after coming to the aid of 550 motorists. Eventually—as predicted—he broke even.

Helander is now considering going back to school to finish Grade 12, although publicity has already brought him two job offers from Winstropian who like his attitude. "Now I'm seriously looking into opening a record store with my sister's boyfriend," he says. What is his sister's boyfriend waiting for?

Peter Carlyle-Gordie

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To see a world in the grain of wood

Luciano DiRenzo's workshop is almost the size of a modern, two-car garage. All similarity ends there. The frame, wooden building and all that it contains, from the foot-powered lathe to the rest of mauling planes and carving chisels lying the rough, pine walls, is a throwback to the 19th century, and so is the man who works there. Resident cabinetmaker at Upper Canada Village near Ottawa, Luciano is an artisan in the purest sense of the word. He makes everything, including most of the tools he uses, by hand.

Slight of build, shy, with fingers more like those of a craftsman than a craftsman, Luciano explains the workings of his shop with a talk that sounds well rehearsed—in it has been, thousands of people like his workshop each summer asking about this or that, and with a continental gracelessness, he lays his work aside and answers their questions.

It's only when he gets down to the intricacies of his profession that he loosens up, pointing out the flow of the grain in the battered table he's restoring, or looking up the treads of his foot-powered jawbox to show just how "really fine" the old mill machine cuts.

At the age of 38 he's already a pasteur cabinetmaker by most standards. But not by his own. "I don't consider myself great," he says. "I'm an average guy. I can make all the fancy pieces you want, but you'll never see my name on them." Would he like to be great someday? "Yes, with time, with age. We work a lifetime to make something for the future. That's what I'm trying to do."

To become a good cabinetmaker, Luciano says. "You have to be appreciative. That's the only way. If I were to teach someone, I'd want them young. You, maybe 12 years old, which is already late."



DiRenzo at work and (left) one of 30 chairs made for the Art Gallery of Ontario's restored regency house, keeping an antique alive



At the age of five, Luciano's first job in his father's workshop was to stir the glue, made from rabbit skin and water, to keep it from boiling over. A simple enough task unless, of course, your fingers are kicking up a ruckus just outside the workshop window. Luciano abandoned his tools, the glue boiled over, and the stench that resulted lasted for days. "My father beat me," he laughs. "I'll never forget that. And I'll never forget, when I'm making glue, to stir it."

The DiRenzo family practiced cabinetmaking in Pesere, Italy, for five generations. His father was a cabinetmaker, and his father's father before him. But no more. Unable to compete with modern furniture factories, the family business was forced to close when Luciano was 16.

Along with his father and grandfather, Luciano went to Switzerland and France in search of work. Given

their talents, and the vintage furniture filling the churches and mansions of Europe, restoration work was easy to find. But after a year they grew homesick and returned to Pesere to re-open their shop. They modernized by setting up a production line manned by uncle, cousins and brothers, eight in all, overseen by grandfather DiRenzo. The business was saved, but at the cost of the tradition where a cabinetmaker could slowly make a block of wood through its evolution to becoming a fine chair, an oval table or an ornately carved coffin.

"I saw a lot of hidden talents there," Luciano remembers, "but nobody used them because they had to do what grandfather said. I felt things had to change. That's why I wanted to go my own way."

When Luciano made his break, he went to Germany where, ironically, he was forced to work in a furniture factory to survive. Disillusioned, he returned to Pesere where he set up his own shop and married. But now his handmade furniture couldn't compete

in price with factory-produced copies of Chippendale, Empire and Regency line the east bay to North America, and decided on Canada, because a friend had told him that Canadians were frugalists.

"My first impression was a little disappointing," he recalls. "Most of the houses were wooden. In Italy, buildings were made of brick, concrete, stone. But I decided that if I was going to stay, I must begin to think like the Canadians think." Like Luciano, our pioneer cabinetmakers had to learn to adapt. It was this adaptation and sharing of traditions that carved the style of cabinetmaking later to be called "Canadian."

The government found him his first job—in a window factory. "It was supposed to make moldings with modern machines," he says, a little derisively. He also had to walk six miles to and from work every day. One day he brought in some danger to show his boss. "Look," he said, "I can make more than just moldings. That's a job for a lot." The boss shrugged. Luciano quit.

Working as a laborer, a carpenter,

and a foreman in a trailer factory, Luciano kept making his furniture in his spare time, selling it locally. He had begun to develop a reputation, despite himself. Upper Canada Village offered him a job with a 12-day trial period in which to prove himself.

The shop's collection of antique tools, while extensive, was incomplete. Luciano set to work making the tools he would need to do the job right. Three days later, they offered him a job "for life."

As much an artifact as the traditional furniture that fills his shop, Luciano is also from the modernization that has sent most cabinetmakers who work by hand the way of the whipsaw crane. His pieces grace the museums, historic sites and government buildings of Canada. The Queen, an Italian cabinet minister and a raft of other dignitaries have visited Luciano in his shop. He's proud of this, but what pleases him more is the knowledge that his creations have found a secure place in history. One table he's working on will soon reside in the west wing of the Parliament Buildings. Another table (now stationed in Old Fort Henry) is one of his favorites, 1,200 tiny pieces of wood inlay, all hand-carved, adorn its surface.

"You can buy plastic tables, but where is the pleasure in using plastic when you can create something from wood? I don't know if I can explain it, but it's a completely different feeling."

William Kilbourn, in his preface to Howard Platt's new book, *The Heritage of Upper Canada Furniture*, cautions those to entering into words the feeling Luciano puts into his furniture:

"Our relationship with ourselves around as a mirror for the hand and eye and body. It touches the desire at the heart's core and speaks intimately of the personality of the worker."

Perhaps it is this intimacy with our surroundings that modern life threatens to destroy. For now, Luciano's intimacy with his craft is assured. And with his three-year-old son already tapping around the workshop with the small hammer that Luciano made for him, the tradition might never get another generation.

But even with the rampant interest in handmade furniture and cabinetmaking, without the opportunity to appreciate the young men, the strain of the art is in peril. As Luciano says, "Apprenticeship must begin at the age of four or five. That's when you begin to learn and put things in the back... the memory back." —John Piuselli

A man in swim trunks is pulling on a blue sail on a sailboat. The sail is taut and blue, and the man is leaning back, pulling on the rope. The background is a clear blue sky and water.

You'll always get a warm welcome in California. The surf sand and permanent sunshine does things to the locals, makes them usually friendly always ready to help you out and knows like Grumpy and the Grumpies. Visit the Venice Beach and Malibu Beaches. Skateboarding. Movie stars. Malibu. Every day. You're with friends And you can get together with friends too. People who can make it easy like in New Canada. We can give you a week's holiday with health and a car from only \$164.00 U.S. per person double occupancy and with our midweek charter class fare of \$245 Cdn return per person from Toronto it's still one of our best buys in California.

*Mailed on December 20, 1979. Postmarked, "NYC 100033". Address may vary according to time and date of dispatch and it was not possible to find an appropriate transcription. See 82.

AIR CANADA (✈️)

A classic 1960s confrontation is being played out these days in Northern Alberta, pitting the birds and bunnies people (the environmentalists) against a seemingly insensitive multinational corporation (in this case, Esso Resources Canada Ltd., a wholly owned subsidiary of Imperial Oil Ltd., Canadian



Nevertheless, like every good '80



tale, there's a powerful argument on the "growth" side and most Cold Lake residents in Gallup poll says 71 per cent

plant could halve Canada's need for foreign oil. The plant would produce 300,000 barrels of raw bitumen (heavy oil) daily—by injecting steam some 2,000 feet below the surface—then upgrade the oil into light, synthetic crude.

With the involvement of local residents, businessmen and government officials, the hearings have been designed to assess not only the potential environmental impact of the project, but the social and economic effects as well. From day one, the halting history of the environmentalists has been echoing off the paneled walls of the meeting

With its recreation and health facilities already in place and more planned, along with the home and industrial construction, Cold Lake should escape most of the havoc of boom development. "The key is preparation," says Wayne Wink. "Adequate preparation requires guarantees from the province in the form of low-interest loans or even grants from the Heritage Fund." Alberta's multi-billion-dollar tourism chest accumulated from a booming oil economy. The remaining of lower falls is one thing; if the Cold Lake region is to prosper and to have a future, the project which will benefit not only Alberta but all Canada, then it's not too much to ask for a little help from their friends.

Wayne Skene

The drug watch gets a big lift

During the U.S. Prohibition, from 1933 to 1935, enterprising businessmen used everything from dummy gas tanks to hidden stoves under their vehicles to smuggle booze across the border from Canada. Customs officials replied by installing modified versions of grease pits at border crossings to facilitate under-car searches.

Now, for the first time since Prohibition, U.S. Customs is again resorting to novel methods of searching cars at the border. Today's travellers are receiving some of the old techniques, but for a different payload—the gamut of illegal drugs.

In its never-ending pursuit of the smuggler, the customs service created out of its old pits at a border station in Vermont but found that, since it was designed for the Model A, today's cars were either too big or too small for it. Now the border people have come up with a more up-to-date means of dealing with contemporary smuggling: enclosed "secondary inspection areas" fitted



with hydraulic lifts to allow officers to peer into every little cranny of a car's undercar.

"This is nothing new, it's just a little more sophisticated," says Robert Le Moine, the customs service's director of logistics in Boston. Inspection areas with lifts have already been installed at the Peace Bridge over the Niagara River and at Jackson, Maine, and others are planned for Lewiston and Maconna, New York, Derby Line and Highgate Springs, Vermont,

and Port Kent and Houlton, Maine. Does this mean travellers can look forward to more lanes along the longest (almost) undefended border in the world? Not necessarily, says Le Moine. When it comes to drugs, he explains, "many times we know the cars we're looking for." Besides, even if an innocent traveller is held up for a check, "it's more polite to be inspected in one of these places than out in the cold." In the world of crime detectors, manners still count. **David Ficker**

One good turn deserves another

The sound of a single flute floats through the derelict hall slowly, the dancers begin to turn, some apologetic faces across under half, cone-shaped hats, their whole bodies following in graceful circles.

The sacred dance of the Mevlevi whirling dervishes has begun. The dancers turn and turn, until it seems they might take flight. They revolve later, it is over. There is no applause from the enthralled audience of more than 200, and the dancers melt away in silence. This scene could have happened 750 years ago in Konya, Turkey, when the Mevlevi dervish order was founded, but the performance took place in Vancouver, and the dancers were young Westerners—ar-

chiefs, salesmen, carpenters, housewives, and their shrill, old leader, 44-year-old English actress an angel named Rachel Field.

Field, 45, recently became the first Westerner to be initiated as a shik of the Mevlevi which unlike most of the 12 major dervish orders in the world doesn't require membership to be men, and is open to men and women. We study all major religions since they're all connected with the truth," Field says. "What we are is beyond all form. We only aspire to be dervishes."

Although dervish practices include bowing, whirling or turning, the Mevlevi emphasize fasting, which they say leads to an "inner experience within the fast that to one can really speak about." Field calls it "vertical asceticism."

He has gathered about 35 learners in the North Vancouver suburb where he lives, and "we meet that number has just. We're not ascetic." Basic spiritual text is the 12,000 couplets of the order's Turkish founder Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi, who died in 1273. But the frenzy need not apply, it takes 1,001 days of fasting to master the turn, and then what happens, says Field, is that the body turns around but the mind is still. "If you do it 141 you're dizzy, in other words you're not done yet."

Rob Nickelburg



B.C. dervishes: losing the spin it's in



Toronto—the inside story

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Ontario Canada

The resilient minority

Jules Leger, profiled in *The Silent Grace*... (Dor 88), will not be forgotten. He was a man of great courage, who fought bravely to overcome a tremendous tragedy. He fought his battles in full public view, when obviously the



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The once and future King

Wife caught him to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" and church bells chimed in the New Year of 1948, William Lyon Mackenzie King, 73, came to retire as prime minister, lay asleep in his bed at Laurier House. That winter night in Ottawa "Willie" had a dream. Two bits appeared before him, each a history of his life — yet each entirely different. The first immediately gained his approval and he was pleased. The second seemed to fright him.

Last week King's dream took on hints of reality when the Public Archives made public the private 1948 diaries of the nation's 18th prime minister. Again, the King diaries reveal that the Liberal leader, unknown then to anyone but the confidential aide secretary* to

"None of us and several of them," J. Edward Moody told Madonna's last week that King's affair with the pop world was "just a little hobby that he had...I didn't see anything in it as far as it at all."

where they were detained, really led two lives. Publicly, King was a straitlaced Presbyterian and a shrewd politician who led the country cautiously and conservatively for 21 years. Privately, the lonely bachelor craved the company of prostitutes and then, out of guilt, tried to reform them. In later years, King embraced the more modern world of alcohol,

The neatly typed diary for 1948, in six thick, black binders—3,000 pages in all—is full of the eccentric prime minister's spontaneous musings. In London, England, that October to attend his last Commonwealth Conference, but bedridden instead by heart strain, King was visited in his hotel room by several of

The St. Laurents with King (above, right) and autographed photo of Mary Pickford in diary show he preferred Mickey Mouse



made midnight from the London Spirit-based Address. One medium fell into a trance for just over an hour and King roared. "I made notes as we went along. In the early part she was remarkably well, immediately getting my mother and father, and my sister Isabel." Later in his room, one Geraldine Commons performed "automatic writing," producing a letter from the deceased mother who identified herself as the Lady of Light. "Write King" "That is part of her aura beyond, helping to release souls from their bodies at the time of death." Just after a visit by Winston Churchill, King received his close friend Violet Markham and together they mused on the thesis that ages are bonds of sympathy, followed by King's reading of a verse on cancer agents.

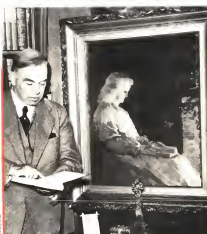
The bizarre and complex personality that struggled within one man is seen clearly in King's diaries, all fully recovered for posterity in early May. He drowns of climbing a lighthouse growing with grass, only to discover at the top a private women's club where no preparations have been made for his arrival. "The vision seemed to me to symbolize reaching the summit of my public career secretly," King told his diary, "but that I should not expect to enjoy it in the society of women." He seemed especially insecure and timid among world leaders in his dreams. In an April vision, King met Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and found himself apologizing for wearing an old-fashioned nightgown. Later in that dream, he found himself without trousers. He saw Hitler sewing buttons onto a quilt. In a dream where he directed world leaders to an important Paris meeting, he imagined his nose was bleeding and that he had to keep the spots of blood on his handkerchief discreetly hidden. Late in January, King had a dream of being chased by the "Banshees" down the narrow streets of a warehouse district and "having no fear but knowing if the forces caught up with me, I would be annihilated."

Whether such embarrassingly honest confessions by a Canadian prime minister should be unveiled for the public was a matter of much disagreement among King's four literary executors after his death in 1968. The version of his will concerning the diaries was vague, and they might have even been destroyed had it not been for the discovery in 1965 that an employee at the archivist's home had accidentally sold copies of some entries to the *Toronto Telegram*. On legal advice, the *Tele* did not publish them, but archivists, fearing the excerpts might some day surface in a distorted form, preserved the originals. Today, according to an arrangement worked out with

King's executors, there is a 30-year embargo on release of the diaries (see box). Unexpectedly, however, is the fact that a number of King's notebooks dealing with spiritualism and dreams were burned in 1977 by two of the executors, Gordon Robertson, the culture's keeper of official secrets, and Jack Pickersley, King's chief adviser and confidant. Pickersley refused to talk about the destroyed material, simply stating, "We had a lot of discussion and decided there was something King would not want released." Given the spiritual nature of what the executors have been writing in

notebook, the suppressed notebooks, written for King's eyes only, could well have contained material far more juicy than anything in the remaining pages of *Popkewit's Journals*.

For all King's private, brooding obsessions, his last year in office was not without its measure of wrangling with social and cultural celebrities. He attended the film *See My Love* with its producer, Canadian film star Mary Pickford, but later recorded secretly preferring the Technicolor interlude of Mickey Mouse. He expressed admiration for John Diefenbaker who, King



The men with the 30-year zipper

acknowledge King's small, youthful appearance, behind the pages of his extraordinary diaries, many questions about what other secrets are held in the Public Archives in Ottawa and where they will be released. The answers are unfortunately as complex as King's mind. According to a guideline laid down in 1959 government

documents are supposed to be open to the public 30 years after they were written. Thus such important documents as the minutes of the cabinet or war committee and the records of the Canadian military headquarters in London during the Second World War are now available. And the next few years should see the release of cabinet minutes from the Korean War period.

But there are important exceptions to the so-called "30-year rule." But even that is everything is open to the public after three decades has passed. Specifically, documents are kept secret if their release would



Mythic Geraldine Commons rumoured as for King's father, but died mother-in-law, in 1971, but Lady of Light

be contrary to Canadian law, violate an arrangement with another country, invade the privacy of individuals or endanger national security. Thus, such intriguing papers as the transcript of the 1946 dinner hearings of the royal commission into the *Okanagan Affair* are still closed to the public through the hearings look place 30 years ago. The government has decided that the transcript may not be released until 1980 at the latest.

In an entirely different category from government documents are the papers of ruling politicians such as King. In the United States following the Watergate scandal, presidential papers (or tapes) are considered the property of the state. But in Canada the files of prime ministers and other elected officials are considered the property of the individual he or she he presided. "He can sell them, loan them or give them away," says one activist. Whatever he wants.

Most politicians, however, give their papers to the Public Archives as did King and two of his successors, Louis St. Laurent and Lester B. Pearson. Exceptions are former prime minister John Diefenbaker, who is giving his entire collection to the University of Saskatchewan, and former government general Victor Manion, whose papers reside at

McGill University in a paper filed at the Soviet embassy in Ottawa as they declined in 1951, keeping what the documents had included the situation of a Soviet spy network in World documents.

words, is "very hardworking and informed. His name will be against him as the party leader." His new Lester Pearson, with a bright political career and predicted that he would become prime minister. King even admitted being an avid admirer of figure-skating champion Barbara Ann Scott, though he shared the memory of her publicly in his diaries on the clock.

There are only two years of diaries by King left to be released. Page 1 of his first diary book in 1933 tells just why at age 16 he decided to keep what was to become the strategy and rambling account of his life. "After having been told by many that I could never keep a diary, I decided to make, at least, an attempt." Traditionally, these diaries grew to span 57 years of his life from his undergraduate days at University College in Toronto until three days before his death. Though King might roll over in his grave at the thought, their release means his memory will not soon be forgotten.

Murray College in Toronto and former federal minister Judy LaMarsh, who claims she doesn't have any papers worth going to anybody.

But even though the archives have the papers of most former premiers, all note that it was these papers are open to the public. It is up to the position or the business of the holder to set the rules for public access. In King's case, Jack Pickersley was the principal trustee, and he decided that no paper or excerpt from the diary should be made public until 30 years after it was written—the same time span chosen by the government for its documents. Pickersley—who headed the St. Laurent papers and set the same 30-year window on public access to them. That means the first papers from St. Laurent's years as prime minister will be released next January. Geoffrey Pearson, trustee for his father's papers, has been more liberal in his guidelines and some of the Pearson files have already been released.

It is doubtful, however, that any future prime minister's papers will contain the sort of personal gossip found in King's diaries. Name of King's successors is up to and including Pierre Trudeau, just doesn't and so far as known, none contained the secrets.

While diaries may be out of fashion to day, government documents are more substantial than ever with an estimated 500,000 documents produced annually. And many more may be made available to the public in the near future. The government after years of dithering has written a new U.S.-style information-act and plans to introduce it for parliamentary approval before the next election. If it is passed, the 30-year embargo will be removed and some documents made available almost immediately.

Ian Urquhart

Montreal

The verdict that left a mystery

Canada's largest and strongest kidnapping conviction case brought a conviction last week, but it was a verdict that left many questions unanswered than it resolved. Claude Valente was found guilty of attempting to extort \$1-million ransom from the employees of Charles Manon, head manager of a Sherbrooke Casino Populaire. But the jury found Valente not guilty of kidnapping Manon, which did nothing to dis-



Manon: a cloud of paranoid suspicions

solve persistent but never proven public suspicions that Manon was an accomplice to his own abduction and 182-day detention in a rat-infested hole in the ground 48 miles from his home. Taken Aug. 6, 1977, he was freed after his family negotiated and paid a \$50,000 ransom, but it was not until eight months later that Valente was apprehended. Valente never denied trying to extort

the \$1 million, but his lawyers fought the kidnapping charge by arguing that Valente believed Marion to be a willing victim.

Though as witness after other the convicted Valente suggested Marion was an accomplice, it often seemed that it was Marion himself who was being tried. Well exploited by defence lawyers, the subsequent hanging over the 28-year-old Marion was a legacy of rumors inspired by police investigators frustrated by their inability to solve the crime. During the detention, off-duty cops called the abduction a "hoax" and alleged that Marion himself was heard over his radio directing an aborted ransom drop. The rumors provided a convenient, if perhaps shamesome, excuse for the embarrassing failure of the Quebec police force to find Marion who, in a letter written from his prison, complained the police rumors picked up by reporters had "broken my heart and spirit." Marion is now living two journalistic lives for \$160.

The 15-week trial was marked by the persistence of his delirious insistence that he was innocent, the clothing he wore throughout, and empty bottles, evidence of the regular gas ration supplied by his captors. The strongest appearance in the witness box of the Montreal courtroom was that of Power Corporation magnate Paul Desmarais, who was called by the prosecution to testify that he had not conspired with the accused to stage his own kidnapping. Desmarais' name—and those of seven members of Marinet's wealthy Quebec family—were found on an alleged list of kidnap targets drawn up by Valente. Since Desmarais had not consented to be kidnapped, the prosecution implied, there was no rea-



Louyer Jean Pierre Plante and client's wife, Jeanne: "guilty" was a victory

son to suspect Marinet of having done so.

The trial did little to polish the image of police whose competence was in doubt throughout the investigation. Police denial of the provincial police force bordered on hubris, when, on two separate occasions, the kidnappers won. Keynote-style charges involving 250 officers passed to ensure there during attempts to drop ransom payments. Both times, police had descended not only the abduction but the credit union and the Marinet family by secretly substituting for ransom containing \$250,000 in ransom money, identical ones packed with bundles of brochures or read safety that the most disturbing and still

unexplained police action was the delivery to the Marinet house of a false, police-authored ransom threat. Intended to confuse the abductors. Later, a legitimate commercial seat to a Sherbrooke television station was treated lightly by police who dismissed it as kidnapping on "a family affair." In the end, Marinet's son managed to deliver \$50,000 to a drop on an isolated country road and 38 hours later his father emerged from the woods, fitly, exhausted and 38 pounds lighter.

Police never did break the case more than eight months after Marinet's turn, an off-duty, out-of-town prison guard recognized escaped convict Michel De Varennes in a Sherbrooke detective. De Varennes was arrested and then linked to the Marinet affair by his possession of a \$30 bill that had been part of the ransom payment. It was he who implicated Valente (who he identified as "the boss"), Valente's wife and two others. Aggravating police embarrassment was the fact that De Varennes was a prominent local dairy who, only a few hours later, arrested, had been a direct cause of the arrest. When the search for Marinet, the usual-time John Truitt, frequented the same bars and restaurants, keeping well informed as the state of the investigation. Later when Marinet's 21-year-old daughter, Nathalie, arrived for the preliminary hearing against Valente, she saw De Varennes in the court and exclaimed to a friend, "My God—I danced with him while they were holding my father prisoner."

Marinet sat through most of the jury trial and, though he collects his full salary, has not returned to his job. He was constantly escorted by police guards and his psychiatrist who describes him as "a man scared for life." Another serious victim is 28-year-old Valente's son, his petting, christened named secretary and former secretary who had been with Marinet when he was abducted from his secluded chalet. Taken to the cottage island, she was discovered 38 hours later by her lover's wife and, in court, shyly revealed that the kidnappers had to break Marinet's pants from his van. He had removed them during the drive to the chalet because, she said, "it was a very hot night."

Claude Valente must wait in detention until Jan. 15 for sentencing, while the four other persons still facing charges in the same case (including his wife) await word of their trial dates. Meanwhile, the covers that served as Marinet's prison near the crossroads of Gold's Gold still attracts the curious, but nothing like the hundreds that descended after the hotel's discovery last summer, prompting local politicians to ask that it be declared a historic site.

JOAN COLE

When you gotta go you gotta go out

Picturing the phillanic man hugging off to the outdoors, sprawling level over looking beyond? A slice of life in the last corner of a century ago? Most likely it is the tale involving the culture moved the writer of Alberta's last known to live outdoors in Calgary and Edmonton. If you have to go, you have to go to the portable potty.

The last art abbeys were bulldozed on a leased public by the Social Credit government in 1955 in honor of the province's 50th jubilee. "Containing every modern convenience it has been possible to install" in a Calgary found brochure prominently put it, the auditorium undoubtedly stands on a par with any structure of its kind in North America. But the provincial public works designers made one major oversight. They envisioned only a couple of dozen toilets in auditorium that seat more than 2,000 people apiece. Information might have always remembered that day on the day since, as Calgary mayor Claude Chaboud said, "everybody wants to go dirty at once. When this place opened, it was a disaster. It was a dump site for remodeling project possibly



PHOTO BY

undertaken to install collectors. Jubilee patron found themselves having to keep off to portable potties but by also installing them. There's a just no other way around it," says Blackwood, who is at pains to point out that the temporary washroom trailers are several stage steps above your average outdoor stage they have fresh toilets are heated, carpeted, and even in less convenient to the audience by covered passage ways. That means, too, that

theater programs won't cut off at the one once fed by Eaton's catalogue in portable potties.

One continuing drawback of both solutions, even when the renovations are done (estimated cost \$4.5 million) will be the lack of comfort stations for semi-outdoor patrons. It is a shame, "I think it's a pity," there are 650 people in there and although it is in the potties they are not single.

SHARON SWANSON

Winnipeg

Streetfighting in St. Norbert

Last week, Winnipeg's city council was told it should be the city's responsibility to take over the care of the streets of St. Norbert, a town of 15,000 people, in the heart of the city. The council, in a decision that was a surprise to many, decided to take over the care of the streets of St. Norbert, a town of 15,000 people, in the heart of the city. The council, in a decision that was a surprise to many, decided to take over the care of the streets of St. Norbert, a town of 15,000 people, in the heart of the city.

One of Manitoba's first settlements, St. Norbert grew up around the French Ursuline monastery, Our Lady of the Precious Today a Winnipeg suburb of 3,000 residents, it prides itself on being a co-operative blend of the descendants of its original French settlers and the Anglo who have drifted in over the years. Many English-speaking parents have their offspring enrolled in French immersion centres while others insist their education is a split as well of French and English. But suddenly last June the embarrassing problem of

nothing more new streets threatened that estate cordial. Not a real French-English quarrel, more even the local proponents on both sides—more a case of historic preservation vs. tax dollars.

Nobody had paid much attention three years ago when developer Gordon Wiswell announced a new subdivision for St. Norbert. It was to be called Backwood Lakes, 600 houses on 15 new streets having rather wooden-sounding names like Oakwood, Alderwood and Royal Oak Bay Trail. St. Norbert has

Save St. Norbert's Cameron and "other wooden" signs: who'll they dump on next?



traditionally named its streets after pioneers, usually French. But against Wiswell's will the town started, "the names are easy to tag and spell and easy to remember. Even a travelling poet of the name they're just fine." And he did name one street Piquette Bay in honor of the gentleman of French descent who sold him the land.

It was the Post Gary Historical Society that started in last spring with a list of alternatives intended to better reflect the area's history—and the street light was on "Save St. Norbert" shouted the local buttons worn by 85 people who signed a petition in favor of the French names. It is to meet by 1992 other petitioners demanding that the wooden street names remain. "It's a wooden waste of money to switch names now," declared Jeanne Fortberg. "Where were those 'Save St. Norbert' people three years ago?" The two groups clashed first before Winnipeg's environment committee, then carried the fight to city council, with the name-changers winning both rounds.

"I hope people don't get the idea that it is an argumentative community—we really get on quite well," remarks St. Norbert politician Don Cameron, who says he's only got involved to help preserve the area's French heritage. "I mean, who'll they dump on next? The Scots?" Cameron, as it happens, is a Scot.

Peter Cairns-Gordon

Fear of flying, 'peur de voler'

A report considering that bilingual air-traffic control is more or less safe—looked last week in Ottawa—has set off into motion a series of events that could lead to another national storm over the use of French in the air. The last blow over such use in traffic control came in 1976, when, labeled by Prime Minister Jean Trudieu as Canada's worst crisis since the controversy over conscription during the Second World War. At that time the government, pressured by a national air strike led by conservatives and pilots opposed to the use of French, agreed to a full-scale inquiry before proceeding with bilingual air-traffic control.

Last week's report after 14 months of simulated testing of bilingual control by government experts represents the first major step in the inquiry. Had the report will be brought before a panel of three judges or public hearings beginning Feb. 15 in Montreal. The subject, after hearing both sides, will report their findings to Parliament possibly in June. Parliament is at all still sitting, must then debate the judges' report and a vote will be held.

The situation is fraught with danger. The tactics of the pilots and air traffic controllers' unions will probably result, at least publicly by the judges' findings but their English-speaking members, perhaps agreed on by the parliamentary debate and rigid elements in the English-language media may not. That could lead to another crisis that will threaten the nation as well as before scheduled for Quebec's 1995 referendum with a referendum just around the corner. The timing could not be better.

Beware of Greeks buying ships

Quebec taxpayers own a heterogeneous collection of investments including gas wells in Alberta and a beef farm in Florida far from ruseuribus. But the latest and most brazen move in their government's acquisitions is a fleet of ships, new Panamanian freighters. Riding high at their moorings in the port of St. Lawrence River at Borel, 40 miles downstream from Montreal, six ships are laden with no cargo, but with official maintenance—and interest—charges of \$1 million a month on loans made to build them at the provincially owned Marine Industries Ltd. There they have been ever since their completion last year.

New Quebec rules, unavailing, so over a worldwide navy of vessels mothballed before their maiden voyage is a tale replete with international in-



Quebec's Panamanian fleet, who bought, who sold and who's out \$135 million?

trigue. The story involves a bulky Greek shipowner, nearly 40 ships at afloat from the Bank of Montreal to an accountant in Bermuda and the disappearance of Marine Industries' former president, Yves Simard, the man who might have explained for the disastrous deal that pushed his firm to the brink of bankruptcy.

Just as the helms of the world's shipbuilding boom in 1974, Greek skipper Aristides Karageorgis

headed the skiffyard an order for 10 general cargo vessels. Then, as the high seas were beset by a surplus of vessels, the Greek buyer cancelled contracts for four of the ships. Not, however, before Karageorgis had paid a sales commission of \$1.3 million for the unsold freighters to an agency which, it later turned out, passed most of it to Karageorgis. So, without putting forward his own money, the Greek businessman managed to reflect a commission on a phantom sale to himself.

Why the commission was paid and why the Bank of Montreal transferred the money to Bermuda on the flimsy strength of a phone call from a Marine Industries executive have not been explained—one has the sales commission rate of three per cent, twice the normal. Yves Simard, responsible for Marine Industries at the time Karageorgis negotiated his sales-shipping contract, abandoned his office later. His company—80 per cent owned by the Quebec government since the time of the Baugoulin Landslide—had to search for him in Europe to have him sign a letter of resignation.

Worse was to come. The six remaining ships were nearly finished when the Greeks, on the pretext of alleged construction defects, announced he would refuse to accept delivery. The more likely reason, in the opinion of Quebec officials, was the global ship surplus.

Here the tale turns from the fiasco to the delivery. To recover from the setback, Marine Industries bought from Karageorgis the six Panamanian companies he had formed to register the ships. Though the Panamanian firms consisted only of registration papers, Marine Industries paid him another \$9.3 million for them. All told, six Marine Industries vessels a \$135-million loss on the deal and only an emergency Christmas Eve injection of \$20 million by the national assembly saved the public corporation from bankruptcy. In addition, the government promised its shipyard firm a maximum profit of \$17.2 million each when it finally unloads the ships, the difference between the actual price obtained and that guaranteed to be made up, once again, by the taxpayer.

David Thomas

The days of judgment



Close contacts described him as a "fiscalist figure"—and there was more than a hint of tragedy about the Shah's induction in the face of the pessimistic opinions left him last week. For he faced them alone. In the crowd, the U.S. diplomats who had helped him rule with despotic power for more than a quarter of a century were silent when it came to choosing whether to stay in Iran or leave. Explained one senior White House aide: "Our rationale for not giving specific advice is the high risk of not making the right recommendation." So they told him: "When you're king of kings, this is what you are paid to do—make your own decision."

But if the Shah's future movements were still uncertain at the week's end, there was very little doubt that he would never again exercise the full range of the powers—with the CIA, his own ruthless SAVAK secret police and 700,000 troops arrayed in back of him—that costed him \$6 million subject to a year-long revind (see page 24).

On the one hand Shapur Bakhtiar, the prime minister he placed from the opposition needs to try to restore the situation, was pledged to reduce the Shah's status to something more than that of a constitutional monarch and dismantle much of the machinery of his previous, autocratic rule. On the other, his angry subjects had sworn during the holy month of Muharram, which ended at New Year's that they had the power to push the country beyond the brink of chaos, if they so chose, in order to bring their monarch around to their

way of thinking. Strides in key industries and bloody clashes brought the country to a standstill and sent Canadian and other foreigners hurrying to the exit because of the country's airports (see page 22).

Although the Shah's arch foe, the exiled Ayatollah Khomeini, rejected Bakhtiar's proposals that the monarch should remain, though taking a "half-day" abroad, and the opposition National Front denounced its former No. 2 for accepting the Shah's mandate, Bakhtiar went about the business of cabinet-making in relative peace last week. Striking at workers agreed to remain their grip on the purge sufficiently to feel that's own needs and the few demonstrations were peaceful.

But a general strike, called for Sunday, undermined the precarious nature of the lull and revived concern among Western leaders at their Gandelope summit, hosted by France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (see page 27).

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlavi Aryanshah of the Pahlavi Throne of Persia, Shah of Shans, successor to Cyrus the Great, has ruled longer (25 years) than any other living monarch and has supported as much pomp, style and ceremony as any man in history. The trappings of power—trides aboard in their helicopters, thousands of bodyguards, the ritual in their extravagance—have been of great importance to him, the



Bakhtiar (above) and his successor (Shah) on his way, possibly to Hong Kong.

Catch-22 on the squid-jigging grounds

Over-the-hill they always about unemployment insurance spells are hard to take in a province where so few benefits are often the only thing keeping workers from starvation during off-seasons when there's no work to be had. And an added dash of off-season doesn't make things much less as what the Unemployment Insurance Commission started fishing women in Newfoundland's northwest Twillingate Islands they would have been eligible for benefits if only they had (a) made better use of their money as they did at (b) make just a find as much.

The hardship began with a bonanza—an amazing abundance of squid last in the summer when many fishermen spent weeks on end jigging for squid at between a sitting and clearing their cod nets. Commercial scallop buyers paid them an extra \$20 or so a week for the squid, they caught and were able to make from the revenue \$45 per week at its stands, the

above while drying squid and some fish.

well. Now had the fishing season over the men here that extra unemployment could be help for them only. But when that week decided to harvest the boards of squid that began to wash up on shore, the option didn't work so well for them.

The buyers wouldn't buy green squid from the women—discarded Betty Durr of New World said. "We all had our tomatoes to sell but the buyers didn't consider it to be a fisherman." So instead the women gathered the squid, cleaned them and dried them, and then sold them as preserved product. Green squid is nothing to catch. It's only a lot of squid. But you work from here in the morning to 10:15 night and that gives you maybe a thousand squid a day shot. Mrs. Durr averaged about \$150 a week from the dried squid, a lot more work but just about three times the money. The catch, no unemployment checks. It's a question of seasonal earnings. The squid was in the market at least \$200 a week while processed fish is the square for benefits. We could have collected if we were just jigging fish at \$10 a week. But there's no way we could catch and dry 300 pounds of processed fish in a week. And they can't tell us why it's so dry. It's just some law they come up with. They don't even know why they came up with it.

Robert Plunkin



more so, perhaps, because the Shah has no royal blood or princely heritage (see King King).

He was born a commoner on Oct. 28, 1919, the son of Mohammed Reza, an opportunistic peasant who, although illiterate until adulthood, had risen through guile wit and ruthless gifts to be a colonel in the army. In 1921, Reza, actual power in a military coup and soon after proclaimed himself Reza Shah, supplanting the decadent Qajar dynasty. He chose the name of an ancient Persian legend, Fathali, an Islamic narrative and designated his son as heir.

In 1925, Mohammed Reza Shah established a modern army and a centralized bureaucracy. He also managed to reduce the influence of Britain and the Soviet Union who had the country in an economic grip bordering on colonial control. His great mistake was to foster close relations with Germany during the 1930s. At the outbreak of the Second World War he declared Iran neutral and the country harbored German technicians and troops. As a result, he had to ensure supply lines, the Soviet Union and the United States. In August, 1941, he was forced to abdicate in favor of his son. This Na-



hancement, aged 22, came to the throne as a virtual puppet. At first he was ineffective. The British again took control of the oilfields and political opposition began to build from within. In 1961, Mohammed Mossadegh, a charismatic leader, became head of a coalition government that ousted the British and, in 1963, organized a coup which led to the Shah's departure from the country. But even then Reza's oil was a high strategic stake and its geog-

raphy was sensitive. America's Central Intelligence Agency took over, organizing a counter-revolution, with a view of restoring order. The Shah was back in Tehran and in control.

Under C.I.A. guidance he adopted his tough old father as a role model and began to govern the country with martial control backed by a huge secret police force that has been hospitalized to use torture and suicide to subvert whatever ends the Shah believed were

The months that tilted the throne

It is almost exactly a year since the incident which touched off the late and which led to the Shah's regime. The bloody countdown of the year that shook the Shah pervasively laid to the edge of the Pasdaran Throne is thus:

January Numerous policemen in Qom open fire on demonstrators protesting the dispersal of a rally of Moslem theology students, killing from six to 20 people. The incident sets off a cycle of 40-day mourning periods followed by further violence that lasts for most of the year.

February First turn of the cycle as about 100 people die in riots in Tehran, the country's second-largest city. The government launches the reform under the label of Islamic Revolution, a contradictory, if convenient, way of describing the growing opposition.

March and April After another 40-day violent riot break out in other towns and villages across the country.

May Riots in 34 cities protest the Shah's "modernization" program. Moslem leaders call for obedience to strict Islamic law, return of government-owned land, abolition of new women's rights and closure of liquor stores and movie theatres. The Shah personally takes command of troops May 11 when riot break out in Tehran for the first time in the year.

June The Shah dismisses Dr. Namazollah Nassiri as head of SAVAK, apparently as a punishment for the violent suppression of May 11 demonstrations. Another 40-day mourning period ends with peaceful marches in seven cities.

July About 40 people die in scattered rioting.

August Riots and demonstrations in Isfahan kill 430 people and are blamed to death of Ayatollah's Cousin, Dair. Government blames Moslem-Marxist fanatics, the opposition government agents. Jaffer Shafar Emami is named prime minister in the hope that his link with the Moslem clergy will pacify opponents.

September On the 19th—"Bloody Friday"—soldiers fire point-blank on massive demonstrations in Tehran. Sixteen bodies counted, 2,000 Carter pledges continued support for Shah—but also calls for more "radical" revolution.

October Strikes in support of political reform and more pay cripple the public service, oil production, newspapers and many other businesses. Shah gives amnesty to anti-government leaders in exile. Government permits student demonstrations and bans 1,483 professors to mark the 19th birthday, on the 28th, 10,000 strike in oil refinery choke the flow of natural gas to the Soviet Union and although the Shah sends 34 senior SAVAK officials, riot break out in 34 cities.

November Shah is driven to his most extreme measures after street violence reaches a peak on the 19th when mobs control large areas of the country, stone

police and set fire to buildings—including the British Embassy. General Hafez Asghar replaces Emami as prime minister and military government stations tanks and troops at key sites throughout Iran. Shah purges officials for corruption, even announces probe of the royal family's business dealings, and fires hundreds of political prisoners, but opposition is not appeased. Shias and democrats combine while Washington and Moscow exchange notes warning each other against interfering.

December 19th month of Moharram begins the most severe period of the Shah. Moslem calendar and, as it falls out a late month for the beleaguered Shah, Shias further reduce oil production and so demonstrators take on a strong religious tinge. Foreigners continue to flee the country—about 15,000 having left since September. Hundreds of thousands of people march through Tehran on the 19th day, the 11th. Riots are brought down from rank and file of the army as 12 officers are shot by furious soldiers. Commence a nearly paralysed across the country as riots shut down, schools close and fuel is rationed. On the 20th, Shapour Bakhtiar, accepts the prime minister's job but opposition leaders accuse him of cowardice, not wanting that the Shah abdicate. Final riot on Dec. 30 in provincial city of Mahabad leaves at least 100 dead, bringing officially estimated deaths to 1,600. Other estimates put total deaths at many thousands. ◇

Tehran rioters, the 19th was Bloody Friday

Out of the frying pan into the fridge

If they were offered oil on an Indian-made plate of anti-American, southern with taste of food shortages and ever increasing violence, with rank costs and tuition—the representatives of a development assistance in oil, 266 Canadian (and 140 foreign) nationals, mainly from the U.S. (Britain and Germany) were airlifted from the Iranian capital of Tehran last week leaving behind jobs and savings as four Canadian Aerial Forces Hercules aircraft provided a round the clock shuttle to airlift them to the Turkish capital of Ankara. Given in the week, dependents of Canadians working in the southern oilfields were flown by charter to Athens after clashes between Iranian troops and anti-Shah demonstrations.)

Most of them flown out by the Armed Forces were employees of British Huxley Limited of Canada which, since 1973, has been helping set up a massive \$200-million forestry industry project near Qazvin and Rasht on the Caspian Sea. The company the pride at Canadian enterprise in Iran is responsible for one of the largest concentrations of 275 people, including 70% of the estimated 1,300 Canadians working in Iran. Other companies involved in more than \$2 billion worth of major con-

struction projects like Arctic International Ltd. in Ontario firm with a \$1.5-billion contract for a hydroelectric power project on the Karun River in Southwest Iran, and a consortium including Canadian General Electric and Dominion Bridge which is helping to win a \$1.3-billion deal to build a Tehran thermal plant.

Crabmaking from the Boeing 707 that carried the first evacuation 90 people and two dogs to Ottawa's Uplands Airforce Base. Major Marner recalled the horror of being caught in a Tehran riot standing next to her husband, a mechanic from Stephen-

ville, Newfoundland, she said "The mob was shouting 'thinks go home, Yankers go home.' We got all the street and into our hotel rooms and lay on the floor and thought this was it."

Rumors in Ankara had it that some Canadians had converted their Iranian salaries into gold and rare jewels and smuggled them home. But another evicuee, Elaine Macintosh of St. Catharines, Ontario, said her family lost everything, thousands of dollars, five points worth of being when they fled. And external affairs spokesman Andre Smead doubted the legitimacy of the claims, though he promised an inquiry.

Despite the continued lesson, a steady economy and Iran's political uncertainty, close to 1,000 Canadians involved in a plethora of occupations from banking to missionary work have remained. Although Canadians have invested little capital in Iran since 1973, when oil prices skyrocketed. They have looked to the country as a market for exports and technological aid. Last year, sales were worth \$164.1 million and more than 500 businessmen annually have visited the country to promote their products.

The picture was good—no Saddam Hussein war was held for less than \$30,000 a year. But Canadians rely in future, their security. The feeling was laid when we saw the plane come to get us was indispensable," said evicuee, Gary Goldstein of Duncan, B.C. "We're glad to be home."

Joan O'Hara



Canadians back home, strike and gutters



Tehran rioters, the 19th was Bloody Friday

He has been observed only preserving the dynasty, diverting two empires who did not produce sons, and is now said to be devoted to the grateful Farah, 40, and their four children, two of whom are sons.

But he never lost his taste for splendor. His delayed coronation ceremony in 1967, 25 years after his coronation, saw him place the crown on his own

head as he sat in the Peacock Throne of jewel-encrusted marble following the example of Darius, the self-styled "King of Kings."

In 1971, he staged the greatest party of modern times to celebrate the 2,500th anniversary of the Persian Empire. A total of 60 leaders went, including six emperors, eight kings, a cardinal, several grand dukes, crown princes and chieftains.

the door, and student violence was soon quenched by that of outraged police.

The cops prevented students—mostly from UCLA—Birn actually to taking into the big halls. But dozens of windows were smashed. 32 students taken to hospital. Some 14 police cars damaged and two overturned and burnt. Residents of the nearby exclusive neighborhood complained that property damage ran into the tens of thousands.

"What will happen?" stressed one city father. Andrew called for its immediate deportation of all Israeli students.

Could there be as many Californians

premiers and even one vice-president—Rory T. Agnew—who risked well below the mark.

As with the pomp and circumstance of monarchy, so with the Shah's much vaunted and much publicized "reforms"—the show was more impressive than the substance. Official statistics claim a reduction in the illiteracy rate of 45 per cent (to 50 per cent) during the Shah's reign and a huge increase in the number of schools and universities. Other sources put the illiteracy figure at more than 70 per cent and say that vast areas of the countryside still have no formal schooling.

The Shah's much vaunted land reforms mean that a country which once was self-sufficient in food has to import nearly 80 per cent of its needs. All the impressive industrial projects have failed to raise the average wage above \$200 a year while prices, particularly of housing and food, have soared.

Although a huge wealthy upper class has been created under the Shah's patronage, the country's enormous oil revenues (they have been as high as \$40 billion a year) have been squandered in Western areas. In the U.S., Britain and France have been the big suppliers and providers industrial and other projects. The country now has a deficit of just over \$5.5 billion.

Last June, just seven months ago, the Shah granted an interview to the magazine U.S. News & World Report. Asked if he felt seriously threatened by the six-month-old wave of demonstrations, the King of Kings pushed back his heavy hair-raised glasses and, like a

latter-day Geyoniasius, replied: "No body can overthrow me. I have the support of 700,000 troops, all the warriors and most of the people. I have the power."

It was a classic misjudgment. The fact was that such arrogance, coupled with ruthless repression of his critics, from strict Muslims who disliked his relaxation of the old religious rules, through urban moderns who hoped for some form of constitutional government, to the vast and impoverished ill-fates, had created the conditions for the formation of a broadly based opposition and a rising tide of protest over the past year. So far from being safe on his throne, the Shah now seems on the point of losing it—or at least being stripped of his dynastic powers while his country is in chaos.

The man who now has the task of getting Iran back into something like working order is a thin, mustachioed doctor of international law, Shapur Bakhtiar, now 63, was educated in Beirut at a French school and received his doctorate from the University of Paris in 1949. In fact, he spent so much time in French schools—he also served in the French army for 18 months during the Second World War—that he had difficulty with his native Persian upon returning home in 1946.

Shortly after returning to Iran, Bakhtiar became involved in the Iran Party, a group that soon became part of the National Front, then headed by Muhammad Mossadegh. During Mossadegh's brief reign in 1953, Bakhtiar became one of the youngest high officials in the government—deputy minister of labor. But the CIA-backed counter-coup the same year sent Bakhtiar back to his law practice.

Despite his staunch opposition to the Shah, Bakhtiar has been associated with the National Front for more than 25 years and was jailed six times by SAVAK—he has been able to survive comfortably in Iran as a lawyer. He has a walled villa with a swimming pool in northern Tehran. There are servants dressed in white and four cars parked on the lawn and the new police minister is known as a stylish dancer who favors speaking French rather than English.

His acceptance of the Shah's request to try to form a government was seen as political opportunism by some, a courageous act by others. He certainly had to leave the entire displeasure of the National Front.

But by the end of last week, almost random-free by current Iranian standards, it seemed that the opposition

Shah with Empress Farah and son, Reza, observed with concern the dynasty

forces might be prepared at least to give him the chance to see what he could do.

His program includes much that it would appear Marxist law would be replaced by civilian rule, the military budget would be cut and so would Iran's peaking role in the Persian Gulf. SAVAK's role would be reduced to that of an intelligence agency, and top office holders would be replaced by men "not identified with the corrupt government of the past."

As for its foreign relations, Iran would continue to sell oil to nations that needed it—with the possible exception

of Israel (because of its dispute with other Muslim states) and South Africa. It would welcome the return of "useful" foreigners when the emblems were over and it would oppose interference from any quarter.

This last clearly was an attempt to allay Western fears that Soviet influence might grow as that of the United States declined and the point was underlined by Khomeini himself at a press conference in Paris. Offering the United States a clean start, he emphasized that he opposed the Soviet Union "and its satellite countries" and "China

Neighbors L.A. could do without

or, weeks past California, had been told that the Shah was the Shah. It was a tiny outpost from the Peacock Throne—intended to build a permanent, significant new refuge for himself among the palms, pools and planned mansions of Beverly Hills, the wealthy heart of Los Angeles. Why he should choose a city crisscrossed with left-wing Iranian students who with few died and frequently say so in demonstrations that obtain and in bloody clashes with po-



Shahran in Beverly Hills: only confession.

lice no one could explain that there it was. The Shah's sister, Princess Darya, had bought a \$500,000 house in the exclusive property in Beverly Hills. His investigation mother, Queen Mother Farah, Taj, Uli Mlik had arrived by an Iranian entourage of 20 courtiers and children. And a real estate broker had confessed: only, that yes, His Imperial Highness was indeed seeking to settle up a 20-acre corner of what may be the most expensive patch of earth in the U.S.

If in fact the Shah did plan to move there, he must be having second thoughts. Last week a housing mob of 1,000 Iranian students—breaking away from a "strike" \$2,000-a-week anti-Shah protest march—stormed Princess Darya's hillside home and satisfactorily at least, signed the king Queen Mother's skirts before she could be stalked to safety by a small army of L.A. police.

Beverly Hills had seen nothing like a strike this black night riots in 1968. 12 years ago—and those, while citizens watched on TV. This time the mob was at

demanded mass expulsions? It seems unlikely. But President Carter has personally asked Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to look into what action can be taken. And the mighty diplomats of Beverly Hills can wield formidable political clout. Californians are already cool toward the rebels, whose activities in their homeland have brought threats of a gas shortage to this automotive capital of the world. On the other hand, Beverly Hills Mayor Joe Tate, born here, says the Shah may be a good neighbor. Certainly his family has come home. Princess Darya has reportedly purchased \$2 million worth of land in Beverly Hills and purchased seven houses for at least two thousand new houses to be built behind the plush Beverly Hills Hotel. One would have 10,000 square feet of floor space—about 10 times the average house size in the area.

One visitor says the Shah is planning an "imperial" palace, to be built from the ground up, and surrounded by a moat to keep out the Muslims. But those who have the answer—the Queen Mother and Princess Darya—remain in hiding, somewhere in California. William Scofield



Now more than ever,
Matinée mildness
 makes a lot
 of sense.

Working health and wealth in California strains that danger in health concerns with smart speed—most smoking. Average per cigarette: King Size 13mg. tar 0.9mg. nicotine. Regular King tar 10mg. nicotine.

...and its friends" which have been "hostile to our movement from the start." Khazemi also went to great lengths to stress that he hoped a West European-style democracy will be created in Iran and that religious excesses like those in Saudi Arabia, where few careers are open to women and feudal punishments are imposed for many crimes, would be avoided.

That such declarations were necessary was evident from the results of a public opinion poll published last week in the United States, showing that 64 per cent of Americans still felt the Shah was the best ruler for Iran. That statistic—the reflection of years of presentation of the Shah by successive administrations and most of the media, as an enlightened reformer, opposed only by religious and political extremists—was responsible for some of the caution with which the U.S. was approaching the prospect of changing its position.

Beyond the fear of igniting public opinion at home should it drop him, however, were lingering anxieties that the fall of the Shah would destabilize the military and political balance in the Persian Gulf area. Said The New York Times: "The extensive American military presence in the United States and near-by countries at a time that the Russian, while avoiding overt intervention in Iran, are determined to win indirect control of the country." And the Pentagon was said to have dealt with concern that the Soviet Union was beaming inflammatory radio propaganda into Iran, had stepped up espionage and was strengthening military positions in Southern Yemen and the island of Socotra in the Indian Ocean.

As for such scary scenarios, it was a small wonder that President Carter, his aides and his succession appeared to be scrambling to retain some semblance of power and influence in Iran, not knowing quite what to do as the Shah continued to sink like some stately Titanic. In the last weeks dark for the lifeboats the state department and the Central Intelligence Agency were coordinating each other with reports and advice, while at sea-side in Gwadeloupe, Carter, in hourly talks with his aides, seemed to be trying to see just what support Bakhtiar could muster. If it looked as though the religious and lay leaders would compromise, the U.S. was likely to persuade the Shah to take whatever action Bakhtiar thought best. If, however, it looked as though the religious ministers would fail, the U.S. probably would do nothing, simply waiting for events to unfold. There was little doubt, with the bloody demonstrations of Moharram, that some of the past year still fester in the mind, what sort of events there would be.

David North
From correspondence reports

Indochina

The end of the tunnel looks dark in Phnom Penh



It seemed like a bloody and violent dream. Only three years ago, the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh was strangled into submission as the Khmer Rouge Communist guerrillas ousted the American-backed regime of Lon Nol. Last week, as a 100,000-troop Vietnamese invasion force moved closer daily, the old colonial city was once again on the point of being "liberated" by Communist guerrillas—only this time it was the erstwhile conqueror, the brutal Chinese-backed regime of Premier Pol Pot, who was on the verge of disaster.

The invasion, launched Christmas Day as part of an old border war between the two countries, was actually spearheaded by a newly formed group of Cambodian rebels called the United Front for National Salvation. But it was more than evident that the crack Soviet-backed Vietnamese army overtook the heavy fighting, leaving the mopping up to the 50,000 guerrillas.

As Soviet-backed Vietnamese troops strafed and bombarded the rebels holed up in Radio House that they had captured the important Mekong River port of Kratie—just 500 miles from the capital—and thus controlled more than one-quarter of the countryside. At the same time, Vietnamese forces were moving to cut Phnom Penh's links with its northern provinces and its outlet on the Gulf of Thailand, Kampung Som, the principal entry for Chinese supplies. With that accomplished, the city's only access to the world would be its airport and a few decrepit aircraft.

So quickly was the Cambodian government forces crumbling that the re-

Cambodian captives let it out: the anti-white communist war is near disaster

gime was left spluttering helplessly. While Radio Phnom Penh called the Vietnamese "dirty and shameful invaders," President Khieu Samphan declared Vietnam an "the Chue of Asia" and appealed to the United Nations and all countries "far and near" for help in stopping the invasion. So far, little help seems to be forthcoming. Even the Chinese seemed, at least on the surface, to accept an inevitable Soviet victory in what, in essence, is a fight by proxy between the two big Communist superpowers in Indochina. Senior Vice-President Tong Hano ping, called dutifully on the UN to give "this moral support" to the Cambodians, but conceded



it seemed impossible to restrain "Tengism"—whether big or small." Even though there are 30,000 Chinese advisers in Cambodia, the most the Chinese offered was a safe haven for the regime's leaders.

The reason may be partly that the more liberal Chinese leadership no longer feels it expedient to prop up a despotic and unpopular regime. Since the Khmer Rouge took over in 1975, Cambodia has been virtually sealed off from the world, its people subjected to a cruel purposed reorganization plan that involved an enforced mass exodus from the cities. The brutality of the regime is helping to push many Cambodians on to the side of the Vietnamese, whose long-term aim may be to establish an Indo-chinese federation including Laos, which is already under its wing. But whatever the motives and ramifications of the latest upheaval, for Cambodians a replay out since only one thing—more bloodshed in a country that has known little else for years.

Angela Perrele

Guadeloupe

He didn't want to go, anyway

When France announced that it would host last weekend's four-nation summit on the Caribbean island of Guadeloupe, Canada's name was apparently absent from the guest list (Britain, the United States and West Germany). It seemed that, once again, France had deliberately snubbed Canada, whether out of sympathy for Quebec's separatist desires for Canada as a country, or some other reason. Adding insult to injury, the announcement came the day before Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was to see French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing at the Elysée palace. "The timing was downright offensive," said one Ottawa diplomat.



Hang dark North in the Republican State?

Most speculation as to a successor to North's headquarters remains on the sidelines. The only likely candidate is the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT). We are establishing a list of conditions under which the candidates for office are established exclusively at the hands of those who are willing to go to it.

Those who know Hag, former White House chief of staff to Richard Nixon in his last days after Watergate, said Hag had been told he would go to the post for anything but a chance of the presidential nomination or the Senate. And Hag himself said he was discouraged about his chances in November but he said he would not go to the polls in the future. It can never

Philip Gersund/Wilton Lowther

Can Hag become another Ike?

A risk never appeared to have taken Hag, held for the Republican Party's presidential nomination next year when General Alexander Haig, 61, announced last week his resignation as commander of NATO forces June 30. It will also take him the time for the second time—in that role, having in the months for running beyond that he had served the same length of time as most of his predecessors.

But his decision would be a real one. U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown has revealed that Hag had agreed to stay on beyond his second two-year term, which expired on Jan. 1 and the general knew to have considered resigning last year when President Jimmy Carter delivered a package of the Armistice Center. He has also been assigned to lead the first staff of the new Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT). We are establishing a list of conditions under which the candidates for office are established exclusively at the hands of those who are willing to go to it.

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But, coming from France, it was not surprising. Since Charles de Gaulle's famous Vire & Quebec (1966) speech in Montreal, the relationship between Canada and France has been bitter with insults. And, in 1973, when France hosted the first in the latest series of summits of leading industrial nations, Canada was not invited even though Italy, with a considerable gross national product, was. No amount of lobbying could alter that but Canada was invited to subsequent summits hosted by the Americans (Porto Rico, 1976), the British (London, 1977) and the Germans (Bonn, 1978). It seemed that the worst was over, that the de Gaulle Guadeloupe. In contrast to 1973, however, Canada has not raised a fuss since both Italy and Japan, the non-Communist world's second largest economic power, have also been left out. Trudeau noted that he had been invited to a recent meeting of national leaders at that France and the U.S. did not attend, and added, "I think we must put ourselves from the skin that a good summit can't be held without Canada being there."

Canadian officials also attempted to take some of the sting out of the French snub by pointing out that the informal agenda of the Guadeloupe summit consisted not of economic issues, as had the previous summits, but of "political" matters such as the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, the Status of the Sahara, and Rhodesia, rapprochement with China, the power gap in Iran and growing Islamic influence over world affairs. That explanation not only suggests that Canada, somehow, has less control in such matters than the invited countries, it is also probably untrue. Non-Canadian sources indicated that the 1973 price hike, trade and the international economic slump were likely to be discussed. There was also considerable suspicion that economic relations with Japan were on the agenda—and hence the reason for that country's exclusion.

Finally, Canadian spokesmen, including Trudeau himself, suggested France cannot be blamed for leaving Canada out of the summit. The French minister for the summit came from Washington, not Paris. While that may be true, there is no doubt from whom the invitation came. Paris. Asked the influential British magazine, the Economist, "Who else would have the guts to call so many nations to heel?"

It appears that Giscard, when the Economist calls "Europe's last emperor" and who must enter to Giscard's entourage in France, is trying to revive de Gaulle's old idea of the "Giscardate," a group of free nations that would meet regularly and defend the interests of the non-Communist world. Whether the



BY GUY WATSON

Japanese, in particular, are willing to be so ordered in doubtful. More certain is that the next summit will be held in Tokyo in June—and Canada has already been invited.

Ian Ungpakorn

The U.S.

The cops who can't add two and two

A police entreaty to probe Chicago's latest mass murder last week, with the warning of the Jonestown cult still burning the national conscience, the U.S. federal police department was turning again to a three-year-old report that could have prevented both. The nightmare link between the two events is that law enforcement agencies had received plenty of warnings that something drastic might be wrong with people outside—and had failed to act.

"Substantially more than half of all serious reported crimes receive no more than superficial attention from investigators," concluded a three-volume study from the renowned Rand "Think Tank" in October, 1975. But the report, commissioned and paid for by the federal government, resulted in practically no changes in the way police departments operate.

More than five years before the Jonestown murders in Guyana last November, complaints piled up about the violence and terror tactics of cult leaders flooded into California police departments. But little or no action was ever taken. It is now apparent that something similar happened in Chicago, where police have failed since 1971 to follow up leads that could have linked

several mass slayer John Wayne Gacy to homosexual rapes and the mysterious disappearances of local teen-age boys. Police believe that during the past few years Gacy may have killed as many as 32 victims.

"If the police had only paid attention to us, they might have saved many lives," said Marco Butkavich, whose son John, 17, is one of the presumed victims. "I'd like to know what good are all their damn computers if they can't put two and two together." Before young Butkavich disappeared on July 31, 1975, he had been employed for about six months by Gacy, a convicted sex offender who operated a suburban remodeling business. The night Butkavich was last seen he had a violent argument with Gacy over money, say two other youths who were present.

Gacy was arrested just before Christmas, after investigators found the remains of eight bodies under his house and he told them where to look. For others, justice then police have found about 21 more bodies, some of them so

Gacy (below) and Jim Jones, complaints pile up, but little or no real action



badly decompated that archeological techniques had to be used to remove them.

The husky, double-chinned contractor had a surprising hobby: he dressed as a clown to entertain children. But for years his name has been involved in incidents involving the disappearance of teen-age boys and alleged homosexual acts. In addition to the Butkavich case at least four other complaints were made to the police about Gacy. Two concerned disappearances and two sexual attacks. Chicago police refuse to comment now on what went wrong—why they didn't link the complaints and why they left some unanswered. But a justice department official in Washington, who asked not to be identified, told *Newsweek* he is aware of at least two other multiple murder cases in the last few years that could have been prevented if local police had followed up early leads.

As a result the department, and at least one other Washington-based police organization, are looking again at the Rand report which now has an almost prophetic ring. After an extensive study of just how police departments throughout the nation handle reported rapes, the Think Tank said: "Although a large proportion of reported crimes are assigned to an investigation, many of these receive no more attention than the reading of the initial crime incident report... one-half less than half of the



reported crimes could be said to be worked on by an investigator, and the great majority of cases that are actively investigated receive less than one day's attention."

Police may now be told to look again at the suggested reforms. If they do they may be in time to stop the next mass killer before he gets started. But they will be too late to save the Rev. Jim Jones' followers—or the victims of John Wayne Gacy.

William Lowther

New Zealand

Invasion of the headline snatchers

If I looked just about as good a display of flying saucers as anyone could want, *Televisual* reporter Quentin Fogarty, 32, from Melbourne, Australia, broke off his New Year's holiday in New Zealand to chase a fleet of unidentified flying objects reported off the coast. Within minutes of takeoff, lights were pulsing and expanding around him and, over the radio, ground radar centre was warning that an unknown object was taking his chartered freight plane.

It was midnight. Fogarty was 18,000 feet above a lonely, mountainous coast. No other aircraft were known to be in New Zealand airspace and there, hovering level with him, was a saucer-shaped craft with a transparent dome accompanied by an egg-shaped object with white lights whirling around it at fantastic speed.

Frightened Fogarty remembered Frederick Valentich, a fellow Australian who disappeared in October over the Bass Strait after reporting that his plane was being followed by a silver object. But Fogarty kept flying for 4½ hours, according to about 50 witnesses, and when he landed, he and his cameraman had a case of film that set television viewers around the world pop-eyed with amazement.

The Royal New Zealand Air Force, which said it was "very concerned," sent up an anti-airmarine reconnaissance plane on a midnight-to-dawn patrol but all it picked up were signals from an emergency beacon that had been stolen in the capital, Wellington, and left with its switch turned on.

The doctrine produced the usual *comet* *Fogarty* was variously said to have seen Venus, meteors or the lights of a great Japanese sail-fishing fleet that is gathering off the New Zealand coast for the southern summer. But retired astronomer Frank Bennet supplied the most believable alternative theory. For years, Bennet lived on top of a mountain near *Fogarty's* sightings

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Another look at a new-look bench

It could be the "most important innovation of the Carter presidency." At least that's what one White House lawyer said last week. Or it could be just another occasion when the president's need for a favor means that the old system of patronage wins out. When Congress reconvenes at mid-month, the Senate Judiciary Committee has the chance to change the practice of selecting federal judges more for party loyalty than love of law—and to ensure that in future, character is more important than connections.

Under law, the president should pick all federal judges with the "advice and consent" of the Senate. But it has never worked that way. In practice senators choose their own candidates and the White House and the judiciary committee rubber-stamp the appointments. The appointments are significant, because it is in the federal courts that

major legal precedents are set. They are the battlegrounds for vital liberty cases, for labor law and for trend-setting suits on such subjects as abortion. If the judges had been different there might

Nominees Nelson (above) and Zohar, winner and blacks were conspicuously absent



Edward Reynolds/Hita Ertich



Hemlines Nekop (above) and Zibet, wares and blacka wata conspicuously absent.



never have been such scandalous miscarriages of justice as those of the Wilmington 10 and the Chicago Eight.

The choice to change a potentially corrupt system comes because of the enormous backlog of cases now before the federal courts and because of a change in the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee. Realizing that the current number of judges would never catch up with the expanding crime industry, Congress last year authorized a 86-per-cent increase in the federal judiciary—187 new district court judges and 35 for the courts of appeal. In part, the politicians saw it as a wonder-hack of "glories"—a way of paying off and disarming voters.

President Jimmy Carter made a campaign promise to pick judges on merit. But when he tried, on taking office, the then committee chairman, James Eastland of Mississippi, agreed that the president should appoint commissioners to pick appeals court judges but insisted that the far greater number of district court judges be chosen by senators. He warned that should Carter ignore his advice, the committee would refuse to confirm the appointments.

That still, however, Eastland is succeeded by Senator Edward Kennedy, and a new atmosphere already is evident. All amateurs have been asked to set up independent commissions in their home states to look judges and Carter has issued a list of guidelines. Women, blacks and gays are to be given priority in areas where they previously have been conspicuous by their absence. Kennedy has already set a precedent by suggesting that David S. Nelson, a 6-foot, 200-pound associate justice of the Massachusetts State Supreme Court, and Roy W. Zolot, 94, a Jewish woman lawyer, be appointed to the U.S. District Court in New York. In the other 17 circuits, it is likely that a wide range of other candidates will have been proposed for Federal judgeship in Boston.

Not surprisingly, there is strong opposition. To date, only 18 states have agreed to the "marriage" commissions and, when asked what he was doing about the issue, Clinton replied, "I am the nearest commission for Texas." Carter, too, has flailed on at least one occasion to live up to his own ideals. He was almost to approve a candidate recommended by the American-Governmental Society for the U.S. Council on Governmental Affairs, but then he changed his mind. The council was holding out for the Utah QDHC. The next day the president decided that the brother of a Utah Democratic congressman should get the job. If the president himself is so easily swayed, it may prove to be the shariest-kind of seal as the most important part of the marriage treaty.

William Leitch

William Lowther

West Germany

The seekers and the sought

The Jewish demonstrators outside the West German consulate in Toronto were polite but firm. "We will not forget," their banners read, and "One unpunished murderer among us is too many." Their protest, like last week's sudden, brief emergence of the 58-year-old Rudolf Hess from Berlin's Spandau prison to undergo treatment for a blood-vessel complaint, drew attention to an issue which is causing lively debate in West Germany: whether to close the books on the country's Nazi past.

On Jan. 1, 1968 the statute of limitation on prosecutions of Nazi criminals extended in 1964 and again in 1963, comes into force unless the Bundestag votes on a new prolongation. No fresh prosecutions can be mounted after the end of the year, though cases already before the courts or under investigation will not be affected.

The controversy was set off by Gale Mann, historian son of novelist Thomas Mann, who late last year proposed a general amnesty for Nazi crimes—except those involving genocide and murder of Jews in concentration camps—in order to heal the “continuing split” in German society. Mann was immediately supported from Franz Josef Strauss, the country's leading spokesman on the right. Constant re-examination of the statute was problematical, from the legal point of view, he said, and anyway “our national conscience never prosecuted these crimes.”

The clearest further criterion is a pervasive one. For everything, the majority of the population was not even born when Hitler came to power in 1933. The war has been over for 38 years; many accounts are too feeble to stand trial and the memory of witnesses has become unreliable with the passage of time. Furthermore, as Mann hints, the contempt of the Nazis to history would lift a psychological barrier from the neck of a nation that provides 60 per cent of NATO's Europe-based combat troops as well as economic leadership for the European Community.

Yet there are persuasive arguments for clemency, too. Former chancellor Willy Brandt believes a difficult position would confront the government, once the deadline has passed, if a war criminal of the stature of Adolf Eichmann, say, were uncovered in Brazil or Argentina. Other leaders warn that copy of the prosecution period could give the country's Communist neighbors the opportunity to embarrass Bonn by not

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leaving interesting material and claiming that mass murderers were still at large.

And they certainly are. Trials of suspected criminals are still a regular feature of life and the Ludwigsburg Centre for the Investigation of Nazi Crimes says that cases are proceeding against 3,800 people. In Frankfurt, the rich of a series of prosecutions involving mass murder at Auschwitz is under way. Another trial concerns atrocities at a camp at Majdanek, in Poland. Victims in some cases are not expected before the mid-1990s.

On the other hand, fewer and fewer cases end in the handing down of sentences. By all, only 6,425 out of 82,500 suspects have been sentenced since 1945 and the percentage of cases which end in execution has fallen from 8.6 per cent in 1945 and 1946, to 1.5 per cent in the 10 years ending with 1992.

Hen, a pathetic figure who is probably still in jail only because the Soviet Union exists, is by far the most famous of the Nazi prisoners. While the only war criminals still in jail outside Germany in northern Europe are the "Three of Breida," in Holland. One of them, Hugo van der Pooten, 68, was head of Jewish documentation in the Anne Frank city of Amsterdam.

In fact, many West Germany liberals are more concerned about the future of NATO than its past. It is still possible to read fringe newspapers in Germany that have not changed their tone since the dark days of the 1930s. Hamburg's *Der Stern* told readers recently "Throughout the Aryan world, the forces of rebirth are stirring. White men are no longer prepared to be led around by the noses by Jews, Negroes and criminals." And "Never again will the Jew be allowed to force Aryan races to fight against white states which attempted to break the power of the book race as happened in 1939 against the German Reich."

Such authorities, however, are more notable for their lack than their bite. It is easy to speculate on a resurgence of racism, but the facts do not bear out the theories. While there is a vigorous right wing in the country, that sometimes spills over into bigotry, and a sizable section of disaffected youth on the left, which has turned to terrorism (calling the Nazis "Hitler's children"), Neo-Nazis have made little impact in the polls.

But perhaps the most telling evidence that a new "Hitler wave" is not imminent came from an opinion poll last October. Only seven per cent of Germans questioned said they would vote for a "man like Adolf Hitler" if they had the chance. Ninety per cent stated categorically that they would not.

Philip Gresser

Sports

A rule's the thing to catch the king

The king of the mountain will probably have his crown this season. In-garism Stenmark, the 22-year-old favorite son of Tärebäck, Sweden, is being knocked off his throne.

If he were a monarch, the handicapper would long ago have slipped him the scepter. Since 1973, the 172-pound alder has been the world champion and, as nothing and no one on the slopes could stop him, skiers' authorities have changed the rules to give more mortals a chance. "Last season," says an official, "Ingemar had the world championship in his pocket up to January. The races in February and March didn't mean a thing and the ski world went to sleep." Now they've juggled things so that the last events of the 30-race season on these continents will carry a heavier-than-usual load of championship points and extra points will be awarded to skiers who race all three events—downhill, slalom, and giant slalom. The seemingly subtle change should be enough.

"I don't think I have a chance to win a fourth World Cup under the new rules," Stenmark sighs. "It just isn't possible to be a top skier in all three disciplines. I am content to be the top at two of them and have no wish to be 20th in the downhill."

Stenmark, as far as steadfastly defended the downhill, that hell-leather though descent in which crash-helmeted racers spend half the time airborne as they rocket from hunk to hunk. "That's for weight lifters," grunts one coach. "The slalom is for the gymnasts."

The most silent Swede since Garbo (some journalists swear Stenmark once took a long-distance telephone call in a public booth and nodded his head up and down for you and sideways for no, then hung up without uttering one audible syllable) has forged his three-year reign despite having skipped all downhill races to concentrate on the slaloms.

What has made Stenmark so great? He has been battling down slopes since age five and won his first race at age seven. But the main factor may be his strength, especially his massive inch-thick stretch and supple like pistons as he pounds through turns. Swedish scientists have tested Stenmark and say that he is one of the three or four

strongest men in the country. Tennis star Bjorn Borg is right up there too. Stenmark's strength may be hereditary, it is said that his grandfather once strangled a bear.

A Stenmark strength, too, is his dedication—he's the first on the hill in the morning and the last off at night—and down-to-earth approach. He is the least money-conscious skier superior to join what the competitors call the "white crowd" in years. He put-gate to the slopes in a Volkswagen, avoids the flashy life and seldom emerges on the champagne and caviar circuit. He could

Stenmark giving more mortals a chance



have the pick of ski equipment but stubbornly continues to slash through the slalom gates in Elan, a lesser Yugoslav brand produced by some former Second World War partisans. They say they pay him only \$13,000 a year in endorsement fees. Competitive brands have offered awards of \$500,000 to have him switch, but Stenmark says, "Elan made a big effort to equip us when no one knew who we were. It wouldn't be right to abandon them now that success is coming."

Stenmark shies away from attention that comes with that success. U.S. coach Harold Kohlenstein says Stenmark is "too shy for the position he's in. He really doesn't like to be the centre of things."

With all of Sweden following his exploits, with reporters from seven Swedish newspapers pursuing him night and day, with fans crawling in and stealing souvenir mementos from his garden, the quiet Swede tells reporters to ask his coach if he can grant an interview. The coach always says no. "That's Ingemar's way of turning down the chance to talk," the coach admits. "He hates to say no himself. But if a journalist is told to come to me first, that's the signal that Ingemar really doesn't want to talk."

And so he goes, quietly dominating his sport. Now, though, he will be without his crown, gaudier after Olympic gold instead. "The hope of producing the perfect performance fills me with a wonderful feeling of happiness," he says, "a feeling which drives me on."

Arne F. Gonzalez Jr.



On the off chance that all work and no play might make a dull boy out of even a flamboyant head of state, **Peter Onorati**, *Thelma*'s spend a few leisurely days in Runaway Bay, Jamaica, last week. Following a summit meeting with six other world leaders to discuss economic order, For Trudeau, it was his second "summit meeting" in as many weeks, considering that, over Christmas he was reunited with his estranged wife **Margaret** (author of *Street Woman*) at the West Vancouver home of his ex-wives, **Ms. and Mrs. James Dooley**. While in Jamaica Bay, Trudeau stayed at the vacation villa of a University of Michigan professor, but spent some time at the Negril Beach Village, a swinging holiday spot which advertises hedonism. In the company of his casually dressed security guards, the PM tried to make use of the resort's nude beach, but he did go struts during by day and tripped dramatically on the Negril dance floor at night.

He has been legitimate. He has done **U2**, Show and Sade and always wanted to do **Michael**, but the turning point in actor **Steve Buscemi**'s career came when he finally said to himself: "The world doesn't need another great actor. I'll become a comedy." And so, after turning to Hollywood where his all-

time on Avenue Road, he consequently believed at the Park Plaza Egoes was placed as the spin-off's throw away, across the street at the Four Seasons. Although the two men didn't meet off the set, in the film Egoes is called upon to spend a good deal of time with **Reed**. She is a patient. He is her therapist.

Although ostensibly in Los Angeles to shoot his part as Sergeant Frank Tree in an upcoming movie, **1914**, Canadian comic **Can Aykroyd** (*Saturday Night Live*) admits he's really on a secret mission to prevent U.S. imperialism and preserve Canadian unity. Riding tank with Aykroyd on the set of **1914** is comedy based on American events after the attack on Pearl Harbor in his old pal **From Toronto's Second City**, **John Candy**, and his **Blues Brother**, **John Belushi** (*Animal House*). "What I'm really doing down here," said Aykroyd, 38, "is gathering information to defend Canada, because I'm convinced that in 1914 the States will take us over. First, they'll send in the National Guard from Maine to capture Quebec and then they'll grab our asbestos plants. The Americans don't know it, but I'm a security threat. I know how to explode TNT—even C-4—and I know how to speak into the back door of the White House since I've been there twice. You can go ahead and print this, just remember—it's top-secret stuff."

With players on alert, Captain **U2**, Kirk on the bridge and Scottie in the control room bawling about warp speeds, **Parasound** Putman has started **Ringar** Star Trek. It is an effort to bally go where no TV series has ever gone before. At a cost of \$15 million, the

Egoes: derailing a life ship



movie remake of the late '60s television show will rewrite the original cast of the **Starship Enterprise**, hoping to cash in on the **Trekker** craze which has

spawned 374 fan clubs, annual conventions, more than 10 books and 431 fan publications. Although the crew will be dressed somewhat differently—they have been given a mod intergalactic uniform with life-support systems worn at



Sales: run and water on the rocks

the waist—the faces remain the same. Montreal-born **William Shatner** (*Kirk*) will control the ship, **Leonard Nimoy**, as the peccary-eyed **Spock**, will do his best not to cuss, **DeForest Kelley** (*"Spock's" McCoy*), **James Dooley** (*Scotty*), **Nichelle Nichols** (*Uhura*) and **Walter Koenig** (*Chelton*) will return as members of the ethnically and racially balanced **Starship**. For Shatner, whose face is more often associated with supermarket nonperishables, "It's all becoming very sweet now."

Just before Canada After Dark host **Paul Soler** went on holiday to England last week, his boss, CBC head of variety programming **Jack McEldown**, invited him to the house and poured him a drink. It was rum and water, on the rocks. The news was straight up and as far as Soler was concerned the cocktail pattern left a lot to be desired. McEldown's tidings were that as of Jan. 28, Canada After Dark and its crew of 35 would cease production. Surprise? Although Soler said he "wasn't expecting it," After Dark's ridiculously low ratings and \$45,000 weekly budget made the show scarcely disposable in light of the 1979 CBC financial debacle. Soler, who took over the show last season (**Peter Onorati** had hosted it into the ground since '76), said he was "disappointed," but not bitter and certainly available for future assignments from the network. "I like to work," he said. "My association with the CBC will continue."

There's no release like an old release as, consequently, when 66-year-old actress **Doris Duke** wanders from the confines of her barbershop-fenced Rhode Island estate called **Rough Point**, it's something of an event. Duke, the American Tobacco Company heiress (**Lucky Strike**, **Tareyton**) and daughter of **James B. Duke**, recently made a rare appearance at Newport's **Queen Anne** Square, a public park rentable by the Newport Restoration Foundation. Since Duke has been a patron of the foundation to the tune of \$12 million, Newporters willingly order to her wish for privacy. Thus isn't the case with visiting journalists, so when a photographer from Providence, R.I., showed up and started clicking the pictures were ordered in. After being ordered off the property, the photographer filed a complaint with police chief **Frederick W. Newton** (a name, somewhat sheepishly, admitted that the policeman had acted without authority. While the chief was explaining it "wouldn't happen again," Duke had had the scene and, naturally, was "unavailable for comment."

Edited by Jane O'Hara

Land of the timber giants

The war of the woods began with just the two of them: MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. and Doncor Inc. If you can't beat the competition, buy 'em, each reasoned, so MacBio, an institution revered in British Columbia, was looked into a life and death struggle with its eastern Canadian forestry rival and chemical firm, Doncor. At the recent holiday season became the answer, an even bigger player lumbered along waving \$516 million and looking to buy MacBio, with Doncor as a perfect part of the spoils. That entry of Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd., the non-transportation arm of Canadian Pacific Ltd., and its chairman, Ian Sinclair, brought B.C. Premier Bill Bennett scrambling back from his holidays for a short-lived announcement. The man's province, he hinted, is set for sale, perfectly to anyone whose head office is east of the Rockies. Mac and Doncor agreed to an uneasy truce by withdrawing their offers for each other, CP, having secretly planned for some weeks to increase its 10.4-per-cent share of Mac to 100 per cent, did nothing more than fall quiet.

But that wasn't enough for Bennett as the cooling-off period ended last week with a series of meetings he had called at his Robert Square cabinet office in downtown Vancouver. On hand for three half-hour individual audiences were CP's talking Ian Sinclair, the U.S.-born 30th President Calvin Knauder and dapper Doncor Chairman Alec Hamilton. When it was all over, no one talked much except the premier, attempting to emerge the victor with the cryptic comment: "If the parties concerned didn't understand the position of the government before, they do now."

Bennett had clearly taken aim at CP's bid during his session with Sinclair that ended with raised voices and bleats through the door. "Bennett, Sinclair looked like a man told to take his bid and head back east to prepare to handle himself to B.C. interests. Straining



After their meetings with Premier Bennett, Sinclair and Knauder left with Ian Sinclair at CP. (bottom) Doncor's Alec Hamilton, raised voices audible through the door.

toward the elevator with Knauder trailing, Sinclair put on the best face possible. "Benny? I'm always happy. I have to be—in the happy way." Only the disappointed, white-haired Alec

Hamilton of Doncor, who started the whole drama with a surprise \$989-million bid for 54 per cent of Mac stock, could afford dignity. Doncor's offer and Mac's \$415-million counter-bid a day later had been suspended permanently. "It was first-class, very frank. That excellent," said Hamilton. Although Doncor officials spent the afternoon on meetings with Mac, Knauder said the terse statement issued by both on New Year's weekend still stands: neither will attempt to acquire the other. Knauder perceived himself a moment of regret that opportunity from Bennett and rumblings from the Ontario Securities Commission (concerned at Mac's purchase of all Arpa Corp.'s stock while pre-empting its offer to other Doncor shareholders) killed a deal that could have seen the two companies fitting together. "His hand is gone."

After a year when take-over fever struck Canada, there had seemed to be movement toward a particular super-merger among forestry firms. If MacBio and Doncor had become, in some form, MacBio, miles of the new firm would have catapulted them from 10th and 15th place respectively in North America to fifth. And if, as is still suspected, Consolidated-Bathurst and Abitibi merge, that new firm would rank eighth in North America. The Doncor, then, would have moved from the second tier in the top 20, with clear to reach U.S. giants such as International Paper, Weyerhaeuser and Crown Zellerbach.

Bennett's ability to sit on CP's in the capital issue in 1985's unknown future with its shares trading actively, sent five-year highs last week. "Investors must be told what is happening and the air cleared," complained one Junco Vancouver analyst. Too, many did not agree with Bennett's impulsive intervention. Huffed a Toronto stockbroker: "Bennett and Lévesque have something in common, neither wants to be part of Canada." A similar view wasn't hard to find within himself. As one officer said about the original offer: "Lévesque could not see us as an offer for Doncor. Bennett should be given the next ownership would be Canadian."

The premier's clout comes through a new Forestry Act that could cancel Crown timber licenses of a corporation with twisted ownership. For its part, CP has a controlling interest in B.C.-based companies like Canesco Ltd. and could direct investment away from the province. Whatever its real strength, Bennett's bluster has temporarily halted Sinclair's steamroller. Sinclair is keen, however, to be considering moving CP headquarters from Montreal to Vancouver, a topic sure to come up at CP's special board meeting called for this week to discuss its offer to buy Mac. Bennett has already signalled a warning, saying: "I wouldn't want to rule out any new industry and development coming to our province as long as they clearly understand the position of B.C." Bennett has denied rumors that he would buy Mac through British Columbia Business Investment Corp. Thus clearing the way for further talks. Bennett after telling Sinclair and CP, Cal-

ado's biggest industrial company with assets of \$7.35 billion, is gone home. Bennett quickly added to clarify: "It's so socialist." The war of the woods had become the war of words.

Turning out the Light

Although he is chairman of one of Canada's largest corporate investment funds, John Moore has none of the aggressive ways of Power Corp.'s Paul Desmarais, none of the fiery flamboyance of Arpa Corp.'s Conrad Black. Nor is he notably Brazilian, though Brascan Ltd. has \$469 million in assets in Brazil and, until recently, owned 69 per cent of the country's only privately owned utility, Light Service de Eletricidade S.A.—otherwise known as Light. Good John Henderson Moore—60, Chesham, Ontario—has deftly cast the troubled Light into the lap of Eletrobras, the Brazilian government power agency, and will close the deal this week for a shining \$447 million. The shy, blurring giant from London, Ontario, who looks every thing like a former apple farmer—which he is—also manages to be director of 13 major corporations; chairman of both Brascan and John Labatt Ltd., owner of a vast collection of contemporary art that flatters his company's corporate officers and all three of his residences (Toronto and London in both Ontario and England), and a rich man



Brascan's Moore: Black Forest, lamps

It was he who decided there could be no more Light in Brascan, and now there is none.

Against Light's \$1-billion book value, \$447 million might not seem as a hidden conflict would say—a very generous deal. But Brazil has developed new incentives since American builder of Canadian railways Frederick Stark Pearson and his Canadian associates formed the São Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Co. in 1889 and gave

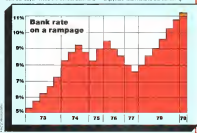
The seventh sting of Gerald Bouey

New Year's Day barely hadn't even hit the hospitals when the rest of the country was rudely reminded that the 1979 economy wouldn't be much different from 1978. Bank of Canada Governor David Bouey warned only four days into the new year before announcing what he already said so times that year: the bank rate was headed up again. For most bankers and economists, the post-Confederation record at 11% per cent was no surprise in fact. Bouey's move, then, did what it was supposed to do, snapping up the quiet Canadian dollar that had slipped below 54 cents (U.S.) it closed last week at \$4.24 cents.

It's pretty backing off around re-adjustment to finance Minister Jean Chrétien. But there was little else we could do. With Canadian policy remaining unchanged, higher U.S. interest rates, look-ahead Ottawa action was predictable. Predictable too was movement to 12 per cent by

the chartered banks in the prime rate charged. Five best corporate customers, embarrassingly near the 10.5 per cent Toronto Dominion Bank, charged the average rate for longer. While the central bank and

the federal government continue to claim they are not trying to prop the floating dollar around 85 cents, supportive rate jumps are becoming more frequent and even less cryptic: that's how to be careful.





Investment's 1991 \$100 million backlog for all

birth to the now 80-year-old "Candide Outrigger" that in both Brazil—called the Brazilian Light and Power Co until 1969) and Light, which currently provides the 30 electric substations of São Paulo's city grid. De Janeiro with their partners, the two companies have annual income \$16 million; Light's average revenue (\$3,090 U.S.) and Brazil's greater measure of economic independence, the government has imposed strict currency restrictions which last year left only 1½ per cent of Brazil's 1977 foreign exchange available for import of the country. Nor could the foreign-controlled Brazilian Light brigade borrow money easily after servicing its debts. Light generated a tiny 12 per cent of the money required to finance its 1972 capital expansion program.

For example, the company's Rio de Janeiro Genet suddenly suffered R\$4 billion losses [U.S.] For the company, payable within 90 days with no assets attached, Macez jumped. "An era has come to an end in Brazil," he said while Brazilians angrily asked whether the company was really a Brazilian-owned record. Brazilian retains 84% ownership in a finance company, consumer and industrial goods operations, real estate and natural resources in Brazil but most of the 1945 million is earmarked for North America. In Canada alone, the company owns 100 per cent of Resources (oil and gas), 52 per cent of Western Mines Ltd. (minerals), 24 per cent of John Lubat Ltd., 59 per cent of Great Lakes Power Corp., 28 per cent of the London Life Insurance Co. and 53 per cent of the Canadian Corp., the post-merger backbone.

An oil and gas company—possibly

Budson's Bay Oil & Gas Co. is immediate acquisition priority of Moore and William Miller, Branca's vice-president of finance. With \$447 million invested snugly, are Branca's creditors to be paid? Or will they have to simply rephrase Branca's assets but also recognize their divided? That would please gentle Jake Moore. There have been Branca investments—\$136-million loss in EM Oil & Gas, a system of 100,000 acres in the Gulf of Mexico fields that he would like to average. And there is the trace of a reputation blazoned when he resigned from the Board of Sargassum Ltd in 1991 before—or was it after?—he bought shares of Hudson's Bay Co. in anticipation of its takeover of the Canadian bank. But he was a director of both companies. Before 63-year-old Jake Moore, harshest business and coldest contemporary oil full-time and nuclear energy part-time, says, "Gentle Jake's Black Forest, it will prove that Jake Branca and I've never gone anywhere."

Jan. Meyers

Praise the Lord, sell the product

A s a just-arrived mass of an organic fertilizer composed of seaweed and something called deadfish were being loaded last week for the big spring push to Prairie farmers, Lonnie Davis was thinking positively. For the 38-year-old president of Regina-based



books in International Industries Ltd., the secret, after all, is a simple one. It's not just the products ranging from jewelry to paramilitary air for farm machinery. It's not just the 2,600 gauge distributors centred in the Prairies and scattered across Canada. No, it's the almost evangelical fervor that pervades the whole operation, guiding it from \$30,000 in sales in 1972 to a projected \$5 billion when this fiscal year ends in October. Says Davis, "We all have a basic understanding of what makes the world tick. We know who the basic motivator is in the world."

But, just in case the door-to-door distributors need more than faith, there's the "sales octopus" next month, a meeting to be held with both distributors and the range of 50 products and motivate them to sell, sell, sell. Too, the distributors are urged on by the 30- to 50-percent markups, trips to Disneyland or the Bahamas and give-away cars along with the promotional newsletters and inspirational seminars.

"Our distributors are just like us," says Davis. "We do not go mad and hire professional salesmen." With the stress on motivational selling, however, distributors are being asked to do more. "I don't know if you've noticed," says Davis, "but in the past year, while some, he admits, pay the ISO sales network entry fee simply to purchase Conklin products wholesale, others have become full-time sales people at field managers for the firm which is a subset of Minnesota-based Conklin Co., a \$10-million-a-year business in Germany. Mostly agents he never heard of Conklin before a Winnipeg business trip in 1978. Today, Conklin International (60-percent Canadian-owned) is a fast-growing empire with a sales force of 100 men, a 100,000-sq-ft warehouse, and offering "preventive maintenance" on all products, including grinders, dust additives and a paramagnetic oil used to clean 40,000-kg lime kilns between changes, as Davis says. "We're not just a distributor, we're the critical, online and, in most parts,

Although religion is not a conscious aspect of the campaign, most of the distributors are, Davis says, "strong churchgoing families." Motivations for seminars tend to follow along with no smoking, drinking or off-color stories. "We don't spend company funds on alcohol. There is not a place for it in our business." The key to his first success is not abstinence, he says, it is simply "You can do it, if you think you can." As Davis writes in a newsletter: "Once a person progresses to the realization that human evolution is the result of an accident, the moral message of the seminar is that the attitude can bring about dramatic external changes—then miracles can happen." And money can be made. —Robert Chisholm

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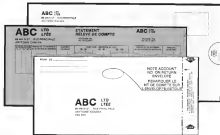
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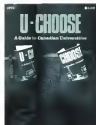
John Messenger had a problem. The principal of the private St. John's-Ravenhurst school in Winnipeg had 22 graduating students who couldn't make up their minds where they wanted to go to university. So Messenger organized a whirlwind two-week tour of Ontario and Quebec to give his students an on-the-spot taste of university life. During the trip last March, the 40-year-old Messenger realized that "high-school students don't do any research into the existence of a university. They don't ask

[campus] life is rather dull. Most students retreat into the city for their social and cultural life... student government elections and activities suffer from widespread student apathy." And according to the editors, Montreal's venerable McGill is no longer the unassailable bastion of West-Canadians in Quebec. Once exclusive, solid and heavily endowed, McGill is now desperate, so

stores across the country for \$5. It can soon be had free by students enquiring about college loans at selected branches of the Bank of Montreal, which put up \$15,000 toward the \$45,000 cost of an initial 20,000 copy gross run and gets a credit line on the back cover.

"The first issue is admittedly spotty because the researcher visited only 20 of the 46 campuses," Messenger says. That, coupled with what he calls "the old Eastern arrogant thing: who are you out there in Winnipeg to judge us?" We get around that though.

One way the computer did get around closed-mindedness was to read alumni journals as well as official publications slanted to students. "We discovered," says Messenger, "that universities are putting out two quite different messages. When talking to students, they're saying things like: 'If you read the message going to alumni, you hear about financial problems, overcrowded or inadequate



Publisher Wood (left), the first issue, principal Messenger, applying lack of comparative information for the students

are all Quebec universities, on provincial government grants. It is no secret that, with the declining enrolments, McGill is now admitting students it would not have considered 10 years ago."

One U-Choose associate editor says McGill tried to mount a telephone campaign to rally academic resistance to the publication. "We did have a few problems with the information officers at some Eastern establishments," admits Messenger, himself a former director of student affairs at the University of Guelph.

Messenger began the project by compiling notes on different schools, talked to 40 universities, U-Choose contains campus history, courses offered, cost-of-living services, student facilities and liberal doses of criticism. At Ottawa's Carleton University, for instance, "The



facilities and generally a much bleaker view. We need some of this information to put things in better perspective."

Already, the digging is going on for the 1979-80 edition due out next fall, which will include helpful data on how many students go on to graduate studies, what sort of job graduates are getting and what university programs produce the best and worst employment records. Messenger's greatest hope for U-Choose is that it will encourage more students to shop around outside their own province. "At present too many students choose a local university," he says. "The result is that provincial attitudes in Canada are reinforced."

Peter Carthy-Gardner

A helping hand to keep an eye on

Founded as a weekly in 1897, and a Monday-to-Friday daily since 1948, *Moncton's* French-language *Progresse* has been an eager reflector and defender of Acadian interests and rights. But, admits publisher Claude Bourque, "We've always needed money. Our economic tone has not come yet." In the past the paper's supporters have even included the French government, which has sent both money and reporters, the latter doing a journalistic tour as an approved alternative to Prime's mandatory military service. Last fall, though, *Progresse* found a sugar daddy closer to home: Ottawa's department of the secretary of state, which agreed to provide \$215,000 in grants over a three-year period. The federal government hopes its dollop of cash will mean alternate financial health for the paper—more immediately, it wishes the government had quietly slipped into the deep pockets of subsidizing a daily newspaper.

A recent practice in Europe, state aid to newspapers has generally been considered anathema in North America because, as a spokesman for the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association puts it, "the last thing a newspaper wants is to be beholden to the government." The risks are obvious. Politicians could come to wield undue influence over the press or, even more insidiously, the press could become a dependent on government money as to insure self-censorship.

There may, however, be a safe middle ground somewhere, and it is possible *Progresse* has found it. Underscoring the paper needed help from some source. Despite a circulation rate from

about 5,000 eight years ago to an average daily sale of 16,755 in the last six months of 1978, the paper has continued to struggle with major problems, including distribution. Eighty-five to 90 per cent of French-speaking New Brunswickers are scattered in a wide, 330-mile arc extending from Moncton in the southeast to Edmundston in the northwest, and getting the paper into their hands regularly has ranged from difficult to impossible.

With the federal money, *Progresse* will work on distribution while, according to "extremely specific" guidelines prescribed by Ottawa, also installing technical and financial systems aimed at tightening administrative procedures and reducing costs. Indeed, the grants, which don't flow directly to the paper but to a nonprofit organization called Les Œuvres de Presse Acadiques Inc. are in yearly amounts of \$125,000, \$50,000 and \$40,000, and are conditional on the guidelines being met. If it all works, *Progresse* "should be okay in three years," says publisher Bourque.

For its part, the federal government believes the grants are a natural extension of the secretary of state's mandate to look after minority groups. Says At-

Publisher Bourque, the need for helping the Acadian flag float in the Maritimes

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES BOUCHER

testament Under-Secretary of State for Citizenship and Bilingualism Development Paul Larue. "The rationale was that the Acadian people need a communication medium. *Progresse* was there, but they have serious financial problems."

Larue points out the department helps other elements of the ethnic and native press to the tune of \$1 to \$2 million annually. Another, if rather different, example: the National Association of Friendship Centres gets \$55,000 to publish a magazine called *Native Perspective* for northern people returning into the urban centres of the north. But with those first major grants to a daily newspaper, Larue admits the department has shaken into a delicate act. "If we don't do it, we will be failing," he says, "but if we go too far we'll be taking too because we'll be accused of meddling with the press."

Meddling is, in fact, precisely how another New Brunswick publisher, David Cadogan, sees it. As owner of three English weeklies on the province's north shore, Cadogan is not really in competition with *Progresse*, but he still thinks the government involvement is wrong because it amounts to "dishing out money to encourage a market" that the newspaper should be able to develop on its own. "If *Progresse* can't do that," he grumbles, "then it should go down." To him both Ottawa and the paper reply, of course, that as the only French daily out of Quebec City, *Progresse* is vital to keeping the Acadian flag culturally and linguistically intact in the Maritimes. What would be the worth of all the other programs, asks Bourque with perhaps only a modicum of hyperbole. "If something happened to the paper?" David Foster

Health

The blind speaking for the blind

Under normal circumstances, Mike Yule would not need help. He is articulate, intelligent, sensitive and a born organizer. But circumstances have never been normal—like 35,000 others in Canada, Mike Yule is blind.

When Yule, a community organizer in the United States, arrived in Toronto in 1969 his first step was the department of registration. Then, he ran to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. So did the department of manpower and the Toronto Transit Commission. But when Yule arrived at the



OSCEP organizers John Rae (left), Mike Yule. There is hope in concerted action.

organization's headquarters on Bayview Avenue, he was told that under existing regulations he'd have to be certified as blind by a doctor before he could use the OSCEP services. "In spite of the fact that I have two glass eyes and an obviously blind," recalls Yule, "I had to wait five weeks for an appointment. In the meantime, I couldn't even buy a deck of braille playing cards."

Over the next seven years, Yule discovered that sections of his OSCEP personal file were closed to him, that if he wanted books, he had to use the center's braille library, and that employment opportunities, rehabilitation facilities, travel and theatre passes were all handled by the organization. With no other group to turn to, the cost with its annual budget of \$25 million managed a large part of the lives of the blind.

Enter Jerry Gaughan, a sociology instructor at St. Clair College in Windsor, Ontario. Gaughan had heard of Yule's work by then as director of the Devere-

aux for the blind themselves. "Within two months, the fledgling organization had contacts in many Ontario cities, and within a year, 1,000 copies of their quarterly newsletter were being mailed across Canada. With total income from membership dues, grants, federal job creation projects, and donations never exceeding, as yet, more than \$25,000 a year, volunteers produce a 30-page newsletter, answer a weekly ringing question line and research human rights issues in Ontario.

And they get it right down. They convinced the Ontario Liquor License Board that handicapped people should be served in bars like other citizens, spoke before the Human Rights Commission, and even took on the TTC, forcing it to remove a clause from the cost-approved bus pass which waived any rights the blind passenger had to use for personal or property damage

even in cases where the TTC was negligent. In 1978, Jean Young, a Mississauga housewife and active member, successfully led a campaign for networked ballots which will allow the blind to vote independently in Ontario elections for the first time.

This month, OSCEP produces *Carriers for the Blind*, a survey of blind people and their employment prospects. The status of the employable blind was vividly portrayed in a widely published case last November when Richard Parsons, a 35-year-old truck-body operator in Port Arthur, Ont., was given notice by the General Hospital that he'd have to vacate the rest-home space he'd managed for 30 years. The OSCEP, which administers the CasePlan sick shop, had been working with Parsons for ten years but made no move to relocate their employee. "We felt the community should take some responsibility for Dick," commented William Brinkers, Ontario director manager of CasePlan. Parsons went to OSCEP ambassador Robert Cooper, and within six weeks the case had arranged to move Parsons to a nearby federal building.

Of the 3,200 employed blind in Canada, 280 work for CasePlan as part of its mandate to employ and train blind people. At the present time, only one in five on CasePlan's payroll is blind, and the number is dropping as hospitals withdraw from the program. Lack of adequate job opportunities leads many to despair, but as OSCEP points out, Parsons' case proves that there is hope in concerted action.

According to John Rae, OSCEP's chairman, "the handicapped are often tragically unaware of their rights. Blind people have been reluctant to question the OSCEP or the government because we're so reliant on them for services. As a group, they've been fearful of clarifying and improving our position."

OSCEP would like to establish a working relationship with OSCEP but as far, says Rae, the motivation's reactions have been "brutal." As OSCEP Public Relations Coordinator Suzanne Ruppel says, "We may have mismanaged things because we have no experience with an activist group."

Rolling Stones' guitarist Keith Richards' court-imposed impending benefit concert at Maple Leaf Gardens—OSCEP-administered—has all the elements going in the OSCEP—almost proved the powerful last straw. No cost, says OSCEP, committed the blind themselves.

"The handicapped are always being done to or done for but are rarely encouraged to do things for themselves," John Rae asserts. "Maple Leaf Gardens is being turned into a pigpen to tip for the purposes of the blind. We want a hand-up, not a hand-out." Constance Brinkers/David Tarnow



Southern sheriffs: less misbehaveⁿ

ANGUSTA, GEORGIA—Sheriff James C. Beck Jr. is built like a barrel with arms like hams and a balding head. The curves of his aluminum alloy 35-in. his right hip and keeps a long silver .44 magnum in the office. Folks don't mess with big Jim Beck.

When he was elected sheriff of Richmond County in Deep South Georgia he fired 15 deputies right off. They were badly hurt, he said. But not him. It was a brave John Wayne act, and it brought him an instant posse of seven men. But he was out to clean up the county, and the fear of revenge came second.

Big Jim is a classic. In many ways he is the stereotypical Southern sheriff. But he is also just a significant change for the better in the way that the police is kept in the rural South. There is a definite move away from belly-club justice toward a fair deal.

There may even be a falout favor to Canadians. You are much less likely now to hear horror stories of tourists caught driving a few miles over the 55-hour being lagged off to jail until a "judge" can be located to fine them whatever maximum the local authority allows. A more liberal, though far from permissive, attitude applies.

Driving behind his big wooden desk, high in the county building in Augusta, Sheriff Beck, 280 pounds, six-foot and 56, looks out of place. But his \$308-a-week job keeps him office-bound with administration. Says Beck: "You're not supposed to bring, you know. They say that self-praise is half mudsill, but I take pride in what I do. I like to see things run like they should run. This department was plagued with brutality cases and that type of thing before I came. I didn't want to let that go on."

"I refused to wear as 15 of the deputies when I took over. There were the group that beat up people and carried log guns and were involved in a lot of things. They chased a lot of women and all that. You know, they just gave law enforcement a bad name all over the country."

Traditionally the Southern sheriff has a reputation that is about as nasty as it gets. During the '60s it was often the shotgun-wielding "man of the law" who fought to thwart civil rights advances and keep "the old ways." But now that blacks are voting in large numbers they are able to do something about that



Sheriffs must stand for re-election every four years and they, along with other state politicians, are changing their attitudes to keep their jobs.

Despite this, however, a number of recent studies show that blacks and the poor continue to receive disproportionately long sentences and provide most of the inmates on the region's populous death rows. Not only that, but the South continues to put more of its population in prison than the rest of the country, even though it has lower rates of both violent crime and crimes against property.

And it's hard to forget the history. For example, in 1864 a North Carolina, a Mississippi sheriff and his deputies were indicted for the murder of three

civil rights workers—the sheriff was acquitted, the deputy convicted of conspiracy. In 1978, Willie McCall, then the farmington sheriff of Lake County, Florida, was implicated in the beating death of a mentally deficient black prisoner who had been picked up for a traffic offense. Witnesses testified that the prisoner was beaten and kicked as the sheriff said, "He ain't crazy, he ain't crazy, this nigger ain't crazy."

To sort the appand from the substance two professors from the University of Central Florida have just completed a study on the Southern sheriff.

Dr. Roger Handberg of the political science department and Dr. Charles Vernon of the sociology department conclude that "the Southern county sheriff

is the subject of much speculation, degradation and misinformation. As a law enforcement officer, his visible public record is often spotty with episodes of lawlessness flashing into public view."

They report that as a group the sheriffs are typically middle-aged (average, 41), white, male, with a 12th-grade education. "The sheriff is apt to be a local boy made good," says Dr. Unkovic. "Nearly half the sheriffs in our study were born and raised within the county of which they are now sheriff. They tend to be what is known in the South as 'red-neck' or 'good ol' boys'."

But again, the professors also found that change was coming in. "The younger sheriffs show the effects of increasing emphasis upon educational credentials," adds Dr. Unkovic. Says the published study: "The Southern sheriff's reputation took a pounding during the 1960s as they attempted to stem the tide of social and political change. The sheriff's role was usually that of resistor of change and defender of the old segregationist status quo."

Dr. Unkovic told *Maclean's*: "It seems to be changing. We seem to be getting a much more efficient, enlightened and forward-looking law enforcement officer. The sheriff is changing with the times, and of course, that's for the better."

None of which is to imply that the Southern sheriff is still not firmly in charge of his backdoor, or that he has lost any of his color. Wayne King, who covers the Southern states for *The New York Times*, tells about a white-collar southern vacationer in Alabama who decides to pull off a robbery road for a late in car.

He enters a roadside, orders, eats his catfish and hunk puppin and then, while he is relaxing, a big man with a toothpick in his mouth leans up to the table, smiles, says howdy and introduces himself as the sheriff. "Oh, delightful," says the visitor. "The sh, fish was very good. You prepare food very well, not as good as my comes to expect down here."

The smile fades as the big man reaches him, grabs the toothpick and explains again, real slow, that he is the sheriff—the chief.

"Well, I fixed the rolled greens, too," says the visitor, and the seed tea and.

"No, doesn't, boy," the big man announces, pounding the table. "I'm the chief, the chief I run this whole damn county! I'm the chief of this county!"

Whether it is "chief" the way they pronounce the word in parts of Alabama and Georgia, or "sheriff" the way they pronounce it in the coastal Carolina, the Southern sheriff is on the news.

William Lowther

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AIR CANADA 

Elementary, my dear Watson, especially if you pay writers for decent scripts

By William Casselmann

The corpse bobs face down in the icy waters of a swamp, as though groping below where, mark-bound, an eel's head is flapping. The bloodied sea weath, the body turns in a grisly slow-motion roll of death. Mirrored nibble, then dart from the gaping mouth. And bright green bits of duckweed now speckle the quietest of the mirrored stream. The water starts a tadpole. I know. Quite reasonable. Ross/Ontario, 1890. Drowned victim, eh? If ever a case cried out for the unwitting scrutiny of the Great Detective, why now did more than The Murder at the Bottom of Swamp

So begins one of the many enjoyable episodes of a new CBC drama series, 11 one-hour mysteries entitled *The Great Detective* (CBC every Wed. 8:30 p.m., Jan. 17 to March 25). Fleeting looks of the intriguing sort, the series sprang from the recently published memoirs of John Wilson Murray, whose introduction told us, "Murray was appointed detective in the Dept. of Justice of Ontario

He spent the next 30 years of his life solving crimes in the poorer settlements of Ontario." One of the famous Canadians of his time, Murray was known around the world for his prowess in detective, his early immersion in autopsy, the importance of footprints, chemical analysis of clothing, hair, blood, skin—all this in an era when fingerprinting and photographic mug shots were unknown.

With a nod to the urgency of telling a whacking good tale, the scriptwriters have transformed Murray into Inspector Alviner Carver, served by Douglas Campbell as a bumbling wacko who's a stranger mountaineer, a braggart old bachelor given to spouting bad whisky in an undertaker's face with the line, "Staff would rot the belly of a one-iron stove!" Campbell wouldn't empathize through the scenes, almost barfing from his arched mouth, bloodied from the spear of a felon. Flipping such red herring laid in his pack, until the criminal apprehension is resolved

to the last minute particular.

In one of the best episodes, *Dread* (Tues. a Carlton Cid [Jan. 24]), we drop spinning into the toxic world of cheap, farmed-in-the-country show. In *Backstage* is a crumbling Drilla theatre, a troupe of touring vaudeville performers suffers major discommodation when the company's operatic tenor is engaged by means of a sandwich on the stage. That the manager is poisoned. Soon a Shakespeare-quoting dwarf is discovered defunct in a prep vessel, which prompts the no-hesitate, played by



John Amato, is one "Life on the road is never easy." Actor Ted Fawcett has more fun than I've ever seen him have as Perry, the psychiatrist in the gut bad who fails in philosophy.

But in the six episodes I saw there is a hurried patchiness to the technical production. Dozens of baffled lines are not edited out. Lighting is frequently tacky, footcandle merely sprayed all over the sets, and some directors have placed too light a hand on the actors. Then a flash of individual brilliance in *Shadowlands* Can't Fly (Feb. 24), director Maureen Armstrong and her lighting man and Agnes Wright create deliciously spooky TV pictures. Much of the husky-pinky occurs in a barn, around a devotee high in the rafters. Their color camera captures, too, the rectangular smile of hair down, bent over from inside, the note-did-did gong and the almost tangible well-being that burns inside when they are staffed high with autumn harvest. A smokehouse reeks with fat hairs suddenly drops away—

all through camera angles and fighting. Too many TV drama directors disregard what lighting can do, perhaps because of the tiny screen.

Some scripts are blazingly uneven. Given a Great Detective, there must be a scene in which he can decide us. At times Douglas Campbell must strain to use every bit, double-take, mugging and odd reading in his actor's bag, because the script is so thin. John C.W. Saxon (feature: CBC scriptwriter) wrote some

episodes. His lines are so desolate as a dusty shop with empty shelves. Was there no time to buff in a leather the dull spots in a well-to-do dabbler in local politics. During the rebellions of 1837, when the simmering conflict between French-Canadian nationalists and anglophone promoters of a united Canada came to a boil, Legrand took his stand with the Peckham and was briefly jailed. In 1842, he helped found the Quebec City chapter of the nationalist Saint-Jean-Baptiste Society, until he died in 1860 (as John B. Porter tells us in his outtake).

Legrand's "Les autres après l'écoulement de Québec" (after the death of the "Vain") (before) and "L'écoulement de Québec" (after the death of the "Vain") (after) are the only two scripts that I saw. The other two scripts that I saw were "The Murder at the Bottom of Swamp" and "The Murder at the Bottom of Swamp".

Still, when the scripts stick to the genre and Great Detective Murray, they're fun and we can enjoy good Canadian actors. Sandy Whitman is a term-of-the-century pathologist. "The victim had a full stomach of food. His dinner was just sitting there—staring at us. Beefsteak and kidney pie. Poor quality beef, too, full of gristle!" High Webster, an undertaker tapping with propriety staggard the corpse from the casket. "Dead out quite nicely, huh?"

The Great Detective is worth watching. If, during the broadcast, there's a strange noise from the ghetto at the bottom of the garden, don't move.



Art

Black and white in color

Long after Joseph Legrand and *Our Own Country* Canada have completed their respective tours throughout the country during 1979, these exhibitions of 19th-century Canadian painting will be remembered as two of the most engaging shows launched by the National Gallery in recent years—and among the most pervasively inappropriate.

The subject of the first, Joseph Legrand, 1785-1865, came of age in Quebec City just after the War of 1812. A controversial deacon by trade, he entered public life as a relief worker during a devastating cholera epidemic in 1832, and subsequently served his city as a politician, civil servant, and champion of many causes. But he was more than a well-to-do dabbler in local politics. During the rebellions of 1837, when the simmering conflict between French-Canadian nationalists and anglophone promoters of a united Canada came to a boil, Legrand took his stand with the Peckham and was briefly jailed. In 1842, he helped found the Quebec City chapter of the nationalist Saint-Jean-Baptiste Society, until he died in 1860 (as John B. Porter tells us in his outtake).

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mission) the very defiant Québécois "maintained his fighting spirit and unabashed determination."

Such, then, was Legrand's public background. Like other artists of his day, he did religious pictures (copied wholesale or in part from imported European originals) and a few portraits—enough to earn him a footnote in the history of Canadian art. More interesting are his depictions of farms, warehouses and forests. Granted, they owe much to contemporary British nature painting (the Quebec he paints is serene and picturesque—a garden dreamed of midsummer sunlight), but they deserve recognition for what they are: our first glimpses of Canada through the eyes of an artist born, reared and trained in this country.

None of Legrand's religious or topographic works can compare, however, with his paintings of contemporary

events. There is nothing romantic or merely picturesque in his recreations of the cholera epidemic, a catastrophic landscape, towns going up in flames. In these common public art and artistic depicting, one can see in these unforgettable moments in the sufferings of his people. Each of these scenes of disaster demands to be read as an allegory of the moral aggression suffered by French Canadians in Legrand's day, an outraged cry against the destruction wrought upon Quebec's political and cultural institutions by the English crusaders for a united Canada. Certainly, Legrand the artist has been badly neglected, but the exhibition is only incidentally a visit to a shadowy corner of the nation's cultural past. Its clear, intentioned purpose is to render tribute to a remarkable Canadian who served his Quebec compatriots well—and to earn another start in the mythology of modern Quebec's apostate faith.

No chimeras clutter the landscapes of *Our Own Country* Canada. A survey of nature painting from 1860 to 1980, this show avoids the darker side of Canadian history as anonymously as Joseph

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artists' talents, and celebrates instead the materialistic, optimistic impulses that were transforming Canada into a modern industrial state.

The exhibition is not without its problems. Dennis Reid, its organizer, has grouped the paintings by decade, yet some of the pictures don't fit comfortably within their assigned periods. Also, there seems to be little stylistic progression from period to period, even though Reid's arrangement suggests there should be. But none of these dissensions between the show's design and content prevent it from becoming a successful Canadian saga, with two heroes, the camera and the railroad.

Reid's story begins in 1896, with the arrival in Montreal of the British photographer, William Notman. Many of the painters whose works are displayed here—including John A. Fraser, Henry Sandham, Otto Jacoby, Adolph Vagel, William Raphael—worked with Notman and all were deeply influenced by the new clarity and cleanliness of the photographic image. Ontario landscape work is subdued or suppressed; the exquisite modelling of light and shade mimics popular darkroom prints, and the subjects—portraits, rapid mountains—are those favored by purchasers of scenic photo albums.

The railroads that finally linked one end of Canada to the other opened new vistas to the landscape painters, but gave them a new artistic idea. The nation builders did give these artists things more important than new subjects, commissions and free passes. As Reid puts it, "mountains sold tickets—worldwide," as the artists made slick, classy paintings of icy forests and mountains. Unassailable beauty is lauded, here as elsewhere in those decades, the only wild animal allowed to stride as the Canadian paradise is a lone, swimming moose.

In these virtuous paintings, the real Canada of backsliding expanses, better winters, and human suffering is absent, nor is there any of the chaos exhibited by Légaré's best landscapes. Nevertheless, the cross-Victorian share with the passionate French Canadian the urge to make art that delivers a message. As Légaré and natural dwellers to express his people's grief and oppression, as the OIA, timber-men and conquered, taxed natives to symbolize the oppressor's victory over all foes, political as well as natural. Viewed merely as historical reminiscences, both exhibitions are feeble. But, given the state of Canada's political health, inspecting such powerful doses of anti-English, pro-French propaganda into our cultural bloodstream must be rated as the biggest failure of judgment as the National Gallery's recent history.

John Bentley Hays

Poetry



Poetry: capsule comments on Canada

By Barbara Amiel

They make relatively little money. Their children, wives or husbands are supported as the totemic status they wage as writers-in-residence at universities or the proceeds of one-night stands in basement halls. One of their works may become part of a school's required curriculum and, suddenly, they know the small financial cures (perhaps \$3,000 a year) that steady royalty checks can bring. They are Canada's poets. They range from translating circuses of century-old legends, to simple murder and calling their performances "social poetry" to yellow-haired matrons singing softly about

men who make them feel 17. But the handful of real hardy number among our rarest natural resources, our nation's slim chance for immortality. Canadian academics and bureaucrats may continue to indulge in the fiction of national pride and legitimacy, worrying about our culture, our identity—but in the one area of human endurance, Canada needs no one's concern. "Among all the poetry being written in the English-speaking world today," says poet and critic Thomas Lee, "none of the best and most original work is being done by Canadians." Though Lee may be biased, a few words' reading of the major works of contemporary English and American poetry will confirm his view.

Last year new books came from several of our major poets: Margaret Atwood, Marie Perle, Irving Layton and Al Purdy. The year before it was Allen Young. And in the sudden clarity of a

good poem, Canadians seeking to understand themselves can find an amazing shortcut. For poets have traditionally performed these two functions: first, the statement of their readers' personal truths through casting a spell on their own, and second, the mythologizing of their own try's turmoil and ecstasy.



He is 60 years old and though he has started writing poetry in his early 30s it wasn't until he was over 40 that Al

Purdy dated the Canadian poetry scene. From that point on he dated, good-naturedly, the ribs of a number of Canadian poets as well. A bright train

Atwood, Purdy, Layton, Young and Marie Perle relatively little money for their efforts, yet they are buying time, capsule commentary

'With one ear protected by the warm left breast of his versatile secretary ...'

By Allan Fotheringham

On April evening in 1968 in the Ottawa Civic Centre—it was two days after Martin Luther King was shot and the night they decided to burn down the Royal Victoria—one of the more awe-inspiring sights of my youthful malehood. The sight was Judy LaMarsh, in thigh-high plastic boots, appearing in the Paul Hellyer cheering section in the fight for the Liberal leadership. I'm not sure whether I've ever recovered. The next day, during the famous power-struggle after the second ballot that saw Hellyer beating both Pierre Trudeau and Robert Winter, my frail little body was crushed in the stampede of thrusting microphones around the assembly stands where Hellyer as Judy pleaded passionately with him to throw in his lot with Winter to stop "that bastard" Trudeau. It was one of the more well-recorded—and honest—assessments of our time.

Judy LaMarsh does not like Pierre Trudeau. I believe it can be surmised—since Trudeau is not given to confiding his thoughts, processes—that the prime minister does not like Ms LaMarsh. What is certain is that the PM—plus an astonishing number of other high figures in high places in Ottawa and Toronto—are going to dub the obstreperous lady even more later this month when her first "novel" is published. To call it a novel is to call a sledge a parking knife. The title is *A Very Fabulous Lady* and the subject at hand is a careful, concise account of the most proud, the most vain—and the most masculine—members of the Liberal party when dear, dear Judy once served as a cabinet minister.

There is, in recent literary tradition, the acceptable form of the roman à clef, depicting historical events and characters in the guise of fiction. Readable stuff. The most recent victim of excess has been the process Thomas Capote, who has been shattered by being banished from all the Beautiful People upon after stripping naked all his playwrights from Jack O'Connell to a thinly disguised administration called *Assured*

Progress. Such has been the vicious retaliation against Capote after some segments were excerpted in magazines, that the book has yet to be published.

The scandal to hit the fan when LaMarsh's prose lands in the bookstores is likely to be somewhat the same. The lady thinks she is verboten now, she isn't seen nothing yet. For the first thing, she will never be confused with Capote. As an author, she is somewhat like Anne of Green Gables crossed with Harlequin romance. But as the proprietor of a literary slaughterhouse she



will have everyone in Ottawa saying:

There is Prime Minister Jean-Jacques Charbon, whose ways "were not to be questioned. Bizarre and boughy, he was like a High Priest except that he believed in no one but himself. Charbon was a leader and he expected to be followed. . . . His eyes glittered, and his facial muscles worked, drawing the pebbly skin into the high cheekbones." Agree you know?

That is kind, considering some of the other caricatures carved up. There is this minister of finance, you see. His name is Hume Fraser. He is first encountered in the West Block, interrupted as the drowsy bells ring "with one ear swung against the leather of his office couch and the other protected by the warm left breast of his versatile secretary, Mally Parada." Ms LaMarsh, the spinster Capote, goes on "He was a handsome, almost pretty man. He stood with approval the way his hair was all-groomed at the temples. Those startling blue eyes with their answering stare



had often been used to advantage—whether to discredit an opponent, or to compel the interest of a new woman." One whistles, that sounds like but so it can't be, because a few pages onward an anonymous woman comes to the PM's side to reveal that Hume Fraser has signed a woman not his wife into a hospital to obtain an abortion and forged the signature of her husband. Surely justice. Judy is outraged!

Judy LaMarsh can't write her way out of a cheap book, but she could lead a knee-capping squad in a banana republic. Allen Drury, a respected American reporter, founded a new cottage industry through each novel as *Advice and Consent*, titillating the Washington diplomatic circuit with a paper chase as to the real identity of his characters. For Judy's villains, the bookish cocktail crowd needs the subtlety of a point-by-number correspondence course.

Jim Conlin, the PM's principal secretary, is "Boss" Jamieson, short, blond, with a cheery face." Keith Ducey is "the shaggy-haired, stoop-shouldered, Ben Bond Karlo." Walter Gordon's Carter Warden, "despite the June day, in a dark painted suit." This is not even to mention the beautiful, naive woman (guitarist Louis Reed crossed with someone else) when the PM marries.

I mean, if you're going to be vicious, you might as well have fun—see you soon. "The impressively padded chairman, crossed his legs, bringing into view the pebble-grained white loafers that marked him as a *Vancouverite*." Jake Nichol, surely that wouldn't be you? Bonnie Corbelle ("usually faded with enthusiasm for one group or another") is Jean Compagnone. Word is that Francis Fox, an legal adviser, has decided not to sue. He is not the man who should worry. Some of the bedroom scenes featuring Hume Fraser—whatever he is—and his bright wife, I would not wish on Grand Ford. One thing is guaranteed. The very political lady is going to be even more a very caparful lady. ☐

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Come inside. To the comfort of a living room. To elegant appointments. To every inch the headroom and legroom of last year, and then some. Driver's controls are newly, sensibly grouped on the steering column.

Chimes gently remind you to fasten your belt. Now take to the road. For a firm, thoroughly responsive ride. A revolutionary Chrysler achievement in driving smoothness, and quiet. And if you're going far, there's more than 21 cubic feet of usable trunk-out back.

This is Chrysler for 1979. Very special. Let it take your breath away.



1979 Chrysler Newport



CHRYSLER
CANADA LTD.

New Yorker
Newport
Lakeland
Cordoba



There's nothing quite like it

*That's the taste of Seagram's V.O.
Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky.
So smooth, so mellow. So fine in flavour.*

Only V.O. is V.O.

